[Meath (Ireland)]

Sir Benjamin Morris.

Waterford.

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WHYCHCOTTE OF ST. JOHN'S.

OR,

THE COURT,

THE CAMP, THE QUARTER-DECK,

AND

THE CLOISTER.

SECOND EDITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
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1334.

BAYLIS AND LEIGHTON,
JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

823
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INTRODUCTORY MEMOIR.

While Rogers has immortalized himself in the "Pleasures of Memory," writers have not been wanting—Parr among the rest—who have dwelt on the pains of retrospection. He remarks, in one of his letters to Bennett, Bishop of Cloyne, that "the subject of contemporaries is, at an advanced period of life, more painful than pleasing. Memory, then, presents us with a motley picture, in which there is more gloom than sunshine, more thorns than flowers." Few, who have lived long, will

question the justice of this sentiment. It recurred to me very painfully, as I this evening, the fifth anniversary of our parting, transcribed the last, the concluding paper of my old friend and fellow-student, Aylmer Whychcotte.

"And of him what wouldst thou say?" I would say, most patient reader, that he was one, who to natural powers, added indefatigable industry—one who possessed acute discrimination and quick comparison—one whose early prospects were bright, and whose probable destiny seemed brilliant, but whose voyage of life was beset by a waywardness of disposition, which ruined his peace, and wrecked his happiness. Does the conclusion appear unnatural? Hear his history.

"What think you of my nephew Aylmer?" said Colonel Whychcotte to Mr. Gower, an old and estimable clergyman,

with whom the young heir of Swanland was placed, previous to his entrance at ——.

"I would prefer being silent," returned Gower, in his usual calm and quiet manner. "You will be able to form an accurate idea of his character from his own conversation. He is incapable of equivocation or deceit. I would rather that he should speak for himself, and that I should abstain from observation."

"When I ask a simple question," quoth the Colonel, bluntly, "I am ill satisfied with an answer that would suit a special pleader."

"Since you press me," said Gower, who was too proud to flatter, and too poor to lie—he coloured deeply while he uttered the unwelcome statement, "my opinion of Mr. Whychcotte is this;—he has talent enough for anything; he will attain nothing."

"I might have been told that sooner," and with something that sounded like a hearty blessing on "all parsons, whether bishops or beneficed," the old campaigner strode angrily away.

Aylmer left us the next morning. I did not see him again till we met at ——. My heart swells within me when I think of that scene of early happiness—of our common pursuits—of the friendships I there formed — of the noble, generous spirits with whom I was associated—of the ardour with which we each strove

αιεν αριστευειν και υπειροχον εμμεναι αλλων :

and sinks, when I reflect of these, how many are for ever silent, and some, alas! in an ignoble and dishonoured grave.

At the period to which I refer, Dr. —— presided over the interests of ———. It is difficult to do him justice. He was, at

that time, almost at the head of the distinguished body of English scholars; eminently superior to many of his own age and standing, and rivalled by none that were younger than himself: of his temper, the characteristics were steadiness, uniformity, and inflexibility; an inflexibility which would often proceed to a length that his enemies termed obstinacy. Warm was he in his attachments; bitter in his animosities: yet would he ever soften towards a fallen adversary: and as to his friends, it was only on their attaining power, and station, and eminence, that he seemed to detach himself from their side. Though an utter stranger to gentleness of voice, or mien, or manner, he possessed a large and liberal mind. As a preceptor, his diligence was unwearied: his discipline, strict as it was, was always maintained with integrity and impartiality; and no teacher

sonal and premeditated insult HE *indeed was pleased to call it*—came to the magnanimous "resolution of killing the doctor's puns." It was in vain that I pointed out the cruelty of such a proceeding, or observed that the poor mis-begotten bantlings had at all times such slight signs of vitality, that it was downright barbarity to shorten their ephemeral existence.* Whychcotte was inexorable. He was bent on shewing the doctor his own littleness; and solemnly declared that he "should never perpetrate in peace another pun."

* Now and then he stumbled upon something neat and happy. At the visitation at ——— he had the pleasure of listening to a *serious* harangue of an almost unlimited length, from a very young clergyman of the *new* school of divinity. When "the health of the preacher, with thanks to him for his sermon," was given after dinner, the Dr. observed, he proposed this toast with peculiar pleasure, since Mr. —— had been one of his own pupils. "The sermon," said he, "was *a good one*; and I sincerely hope, the preacher's life may be AS LONG!"

Upon this resolve he acted without delay. A few of the head boys dined with the doctor on the day following: among them Whychcotte was included: a fresh proof, as I observed to him, of the doctor's freedom from ill feeling towards him; and again did I urge him to abandon his unholy crusade.—"I will,—the moment my purpose is effected and my humour gratified?" and with this remark we entered the reception room.

An opportunity was not long wanting. Aylmer was giving an account after dinner of Pentilly Castle*—of the scenery that surrounds it—and of the habits and opinions of Mr. Tilly, its former occupant. This unhappy gentleman, who is repre-

* Pentilly castle will be found on the banks of the Tamar in as lovely a situation as poet ever feigned or limner painted.

sented by his contemporaries as a man of weak intellect and depraved tastes, professed himself an atheist: and with a view of ridiculing the doctrine of a resurrection obliged his executors to immure his body, dressed in his usual garb, in a tower on the summit of the hill which overtops the mansion;—"where," said Whychcotte, "he proposes to wait the event. He is placed by his own express desire in his elbow chair before a favourite oak table: on which are arranged, pipes, tobacco, glasses, and some bottles of wine."

"Which would be *Vin de Grave* of course"—said the doctor. "Ho! Ho! Ho!" and his fat sides shook with exultation at the safe delivery of his pun.

"Sir"—said Whychcotte with a face of the most impenetrable stolidity—"Sir, may I beg to be favoured with that"—

"You said, Aylmer, — " observed the doctor good humouredly—" that Mr. Tilly was immured in a tower: and that before him were placed pipes, glasses, wine:"—and the doctor repeated his remark and laughed more loudly than before.

"Oh! Oh! *Vin de Grave.* Ah!"—Whychcotte murmured slowly and gravely, as if he was bringing himself by degrees to the task of comprehension—" that—is—meant—for—a—pun—I—believe."

The doctor's jaw sunk—his brow darkened—and an expression of fierce and unequivocal anger flashed in his eye as he bent it full upon Whychcotte who looked innocence and simplicity itself. So much for the first of his sallies. Would it had been the last!

The thesis for our verses on the following Saturday was *Tyre.* The practice was—

perhaps still is—for each of the senior boys to read his copy at the head masters desk. Whether Whychcotte's muse had, on this particular occasion, deserted him I cannot now take upon me to remember. But this is fresh in my recollection that after he had gone through a few couplets, the doctor bellowed—"Stop, by this time we are all *tyred*!"

"Bad!" ejaculated Aylmer in a loud, firm voice.

The doctor rose from his seat: a tremendous anathema was quivering on his lip: he suppressed it: but followed his young tormentor to his seat with such a look of determined ferocity as induced me to utter as he passed—"You tempt your fate, Aylmer; another of these ill-judged impertinencies and your exhibition will be bestowed elsewhere."

"He dare not be so unjust. I defy him."

He kept his word. The day of adjudication was fixed for Friday. On the Tuesday previous the doctor gave out as the subject of our last theme

Æstuat infelix angusto limite mundi.

JUVENAL: Sat. x.

We objected to it as too brief and crabbed: and Whychcotte as the senior was deputed to negociate an exchange. He went up on his delicate, and as we augured difficult mission.

"What is your objection, sir?"

The very tones of the doctor's voice were ominous. Deep, harsh, and forbidding, they grate even now upon my ear.

"It is too short, sir. We can make nothing of it."

"*Short* is it? It will be *long* enough before you get another. "Ho! Ho! Ho!"

"*A palpable Joe!*" said Aylmer evidently mortified at his reception and unprepared for a refusal.

The doctor heard him. A marked yet undefinable expression crossed his countenance. Aylmer's disappointment was at that moment sealed.

Friday — the eventful Friday arrived. At midday Dr. —— sternly announced the names of —— and —— as those whom he had nominated to the vacant exhibitions. "They are," he added, deserving of reward; and I am confident will in conduct, "talent, and *temper*," here he laid marked emphasis, "do credit to the foundation which thus distinguishes them." Aylmer heard the doctor's award with uncontrollable emotion. For the first and only

time during our long and close intimacy I saw his eyes fill with tears.

We went to Cambridge together. He was entered at St. John's,—I at Clare Hall. —"I will shame that passionate punster by my success"—was his salutation to me one morning as I entered his room and found his table strewed with problems— "behold me, Frank, a hard reading man;* and hear me express my unalterable resolution to be numbered among the wranglers. If perseverance can effect it there will I be found."

To this resolution he adhered; immured himself in his rooms; read steadily and systematically; and symptoms of approaching distinction gradually made their ap-

* To a Cantab I need make no apology for using Cambridge phrases, in speaking of men and things in "this our body." To others what apology would avail me?

pearance. For his exercises in the schools he was complimented by the examiners: and was forthwith asked by the master to "dine at the lodge." His efforts were redoubled and his fame rose proportionably. It was given out that his college had formed high expectations of him: and previous to the commencement of the long vacation he was confidently named as second wrangler.

It was at this critical juncture that his waywardness of disposition marred all his prospects. His private tutor, Mr. H—— had suggested to him a particular line of reading during his last long vacation; and had twice in a very marked manner recommended one subject to his special and close attention. Now poor Mr. H. was as unformed in manners as he was innocent of his want of them. However—dear absent man!—he had contrived to give Whych-

cotte cause of offence; and his suggestions were ridiculed accordingly.

"Imbecile!" said W. when he named the circumstance to me—"because he owes his own place in the Tripos to Hydrostatics does he fancy no man can succeed without them? Besides I have discovered that he is L——'s tutor:" L——was his rival "dolt! not to observe that I have long ago detected his thinly veiled duplicity."

I listened to these observations with inconceivable pain. On the choice of subjects I knew well my utter inability to advise him. But I entreated that he would give to Mr. H's suggestions the weight to which, from his station, they were entitled,—and above all that he would discard the idea of double dealing. "H——" said I, "is incapable of any conduct of the kind."

"I don't know that," was his reply, "But at all events he has neglected me: and I will show him, not only my utter indifference to his advice, but that I am capable of forming an opinion of my own, and acting upon it also."

With many misgivings on my part we separated. He proceeded to the Isle of Wight: I into Warwickshire. On my return to college, in November, I learnt that his quondam private tutor had been named one of the moderators. It then flashed across my mind, how mainly the Senate House examination might turn on the subject Whychcotte had slighted. I mentioned to him my conjecture; and begged he would provide against surprise. "I doubt the justice of your inference, Frank, though, I appreciate the friendship which dictated it. Don't importune me farther.

I shall adhere to my first resolution, and abide the result."

He did so: entered the Senate House in the opinion of many as *first*—quitted it as *fifteenth*—wrangler!

To this mortifying result, there was, doubtless, another circumstance which contributed;—originating, however, in the same unfortunate obliquity of character. On Whychcotte's coming up as a fresh-man to Cambridge, the Colonel had furnished him with a letter of introduction to Dean Milner. Now the Dean, to do Aylmer justice, was at no period of his life popular with the undergraduates: and at all times, his manner towards the junior members of the University was authoritative, harsh, and forbidding. Aylmer met him once in society: conceived a hearty dislike to him: and determined never to deliver his letter.

His uncle wrote again and again, urging, entreating, and commanding, that "he would make himself known to the learned President of Queen's." At length, to avoid further importunity, Aylmer burnt the letter; and wrote the Colonel to that effect.

The brave veteran was incensed beyond measure at this breach of discipline. He had procured the introduction with infinite difficulty, and resented its destruction bitterly. Little intercourse had subsequently taken place between them; but Whychcotte had no idea of the extent of his uncle's indignation, till ten days previous to the examination, when he was made acquainted with his unexpected demise, and extraordinary will. To a Mr. Leech, his housekeeper's nephew, "a considerate, well-disciplined and submissive

young man," he had bequeathed his whole fortune;—with the exception of an annuity of one hundred pounds to his nephew, Aylmer Whychcotte, who "was of too headstrong and wayward a disposition to be trusted with more."

Aylmer, whose spirits seemed broken by these accumulated disappointments, readily accepted an invitation to my humble home. He soon afterwards took orders; and the directing HAND which had hitherto blended the web of our mortal destiny, still kept us together—for his curacy was that of E——n M——t, a village within a mile of my brother's house. The situation was, in many respects, desirable. The vicar was non-resident: the parish was wealthy. The Marquis of Northampton,* the Lord-Lieutenant of the county, was his

* The *late* Marquis.—EDITOR.

near neighbour and paid him much attention ; and for many months affairs wore an aspect, and his labours seemed to meet with an acceptance which augured well for his future success. But, alas ! the prospect was suddenly overcast. Uncurbed and untaught by adversity, Aylmer's temper proved as ungovernable as ever.

The Marquis, kind, amiable, and exemplary as he was in every social relation of life, was not exempt from weakness. He was an intrepid asserter of the excellence of the existing game laws, and preserved his own estates rigidly. I am, I confess it, no sportsman. I arrogate to myself nothing in the way of sacrifice or superiority in making this declaration ; for I candidly admit, that for the sports of the field, I have neither taste nor inclination. But when I see the feuds and animosities which

infractions of the game laws have caused in almost every country society in England —the difficulties and embarrassments in which a fondness for their gun has involved most amiable, and, in other respects, most exemplary men—the differences which it has originated between them and their neighbours—the friendships it has terminated—the law-suits it has fomented—I regard my utter indifference to the sports of the field as one of the greatest blessings which a bountiful Providence has bestowed upon me.

In this feeling I am convinced Whychcotte at one time participated. But the Marquis, on a public occasion, annoyed him—his lordship admitted subsequently that his impressions were erroneous—and by way of reprisal, Aylmer took up his gun. Half measures he never applauded

nor adopted: he shot right and left; dogged the keepers; distanced the Marquis; and ransacked the preserves. Lord N—— appeared to be unconscious of his proceedings—at all events he abstained from any notice of them. The Marchioness was less scrupulous: for on one occasion, when Aylmer had actually—though he declared inadvertently—fired within sight of the castle, a servant was dispatched to him with her ladyship's compliments, and a request "*that Mr. Whychcotte would not shoot directly under her drawing-room windows!*"

Poor misguided fellow, that was his last day's sport! Accounts arrived the next morning of his vicar's preferment, and consequent resignation of the living. Its patronage was vested in the Crown; and the Marquis's recommendation, as Lord

Lieutenant of the county, had heretofore disposed of it, and would, it was well known, do so again.

A petition, therefore, strongly worded and numerously signed, was presented to his Lordship in Whychcotte's favour, by the leading persons of the parish. The address was coldly received, rapidly perused, and thus acknowledged:—

"Gentlemen, I cannot oblige you. I set my face against CLERICAL POACHERS, and have, I believe, already secured the living for one whose mornings are devoted to his parish—not his gun; and who respects the laws of the realm too well himself to set the example of breaking them."

Whychcotte felt this reply keenly. The blow seemed to crush him to the dust; yet he entered with apparent cheerfulness, and even eagerness, into the arrangements at-

tendant on his quitting the curacy. He dined with me the day the new vicar was inducted. Never had I seen him more intellectual and amusing; and little did I suspect, when he bade me farewell late in the evening, that we had parted for the last time.

A letter, of which the following is an extract, reached me some months afterwards, dated "*At Sea.*" It is the only communication I have received from him since his abrupt departure; I shall call it, therefore—

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

TO ——

Dear Frank,

I have left England for ever! Yes: I have bidden an eternal adieu to "*the envy and admiration of the world*"—to Britain, the asylum of religion, where poverty is guilt; to the foster-nurse of liberty, with its "constitution ever called in question and modern improvements that never answer;" to the model of free governments, where every thing is perfect from

its palaces and poor laws, down to its racers and representation

Fare—thee—well merry England! with thy hundreds of honest industrious artizans,* hurled in one instant from competence to poverty, because they dared indulge in the expensive luxury of a conscience—impudent varlets! as if any wretch below the grade of a gentleman were entitled to be honest, or might presume to have an opinion of his own!

Home of high and honourable principle, where Premier Viscounts are state paupers, and Marchionesses accept crown jewels—land of credulity, where patients submit to be rubbed into eternity, and miracles † are

* Vide History of Stamford, and Chronicles of Newark.

† "See a miracle successfully wrought: or the case of Miss Fancourt. A plain statement submitted to the consideration of the religious public."

wrought by one sinner menacing another, —hail, and farewell!

Accept my books and papers. I say not to thee sell the one and burn the other. Do with both as you will.

Yours as ever,

AYLMER WHYCHCOTTE.

A

NEW CHAPTER

FOR THE

SECOND EDITION.

In again presenting myself to the public, I have to express my grateful sense of the indulgence with which the opinions of "Whychcotte" have been received. For much of the attention he has excited, and particularly for the extended circulation he has attained in the Universities, he is indebted, I am aware, to the subject of the opening paper—Professor Smythe. With the notice bestowed upon him by the periodical press, I have every reason to be gratified; and, amid the mass of criticism

which his pages have provoked, I know but of one censor who, in reading him, has raised his critical eyebrows, and exclaimed —*à la Fadladeen*, "Uh!"

This, by the way, was a favourite indication of abhorrence with Lady Noel Milbanke, the mother of Lady Byron. To her ladyship's rooted and unconquerable aversion to her son-in-law has been ascribed the commencement of those deplorable differences which marred the domestic happiness of the illustrious couple. Whether the world were not guilty of injustice towards Lady Noel in coming to this conclusion, has been, and still is, matter of controversy; but the following comic exhibition of feeling is fresh in the recollection of the party who witnessed it.

In the reception-room at Kirkby Mellory hung a full-length portrait of Lord Byron. He was attired in the Albanian costume. The attitude was considered grace-

ful, and the likeness happy. It happened that a gentleman who had occasion to be very frequently at Kirkby, and who marvelled much at the resolute silence maintained relative to the noble poet—for his name was never breathed, and all allusion to his fame or writings carefully suppressed —was one day obliged to pass immediately before this very striking portrait, accompanied by Lady Noel. On approaching it his glance involuntarily lingered for an instant on those sad but scornful features— that index of a mind eternally preying upon itself—

"I suppose you know who that is?" was the inquiry abruptly uttered by Lady Noel.

The gentleman, from diffidence or design, hesitated in his reply.

"It is Lord Byron; and as like him as —Uh!" . . . . . .

To the same gentleman she remarked on a subsequent visit—

"Transact your present business with me: you cannot see Lady Byron to-day. She is dreadfully distressed. Dr. Parr, with Annabella on his arm, made his way to that very picture,—stopped full before it,—and addressing my daughter, said—'This, madam, I suppose is that wretch of a husband of yours?' I never saw Annabella so incensed in my life. I don't quarrel with the sentiment.—It's just enough; for —Uh!'

This is funny, to be sure; but funny things, somehow or other, do occasionally happen in this miserable world of ours.

During the progress of that precious measure the reform bill—which seems to have so agreeably answered the expectations of every soul who supported it—when the mansions of many of our nobility were garrisoned with soldiers to protect them from the violence of an infuriated populace, and when, in particular, well-grounded fears

were entertained for the safety of Clumber, and an armed force was maintained within and without its walls to ward off the fate with which a frantic mob threatened them, a Mr. W—ss—e, a clergyman, accompanied by a friend, went one morning at an early hour to bathe in the noble sheet of water which so largely contributes to the beauty of his Grace of Newcastle's demesnes.

Now Mr. W—ss—e had the look, air, step, and carriage of a warrior. By the ladies of his congregation he was universally considered as a "proper man." He stood six feet two inches without his shoes. In truth he was, as Miss Martineau phrased it with her usual felicity of expression, "a glorious fellow, who, in the garb of Gael, with the heather around him, and a loch beneath him, would look the highland chieftain to the life."

But Mr. W—ss—e, high as he stood in the world, was a man who could stoop to

expedients; and finding that his inches were superfluous in the discharge of his professional duties, had a little well contrived in his pulpit into which he sunk on his arrival there in the most convenient and graceful manner imaginable.

Mr. W—ss—e and his friend had reached their bathing place, when a sentinel demanded the pass-word. They were unable to give it, and in an instant were arrested as "evil-disposed persons abroad on no good errand," and hurried before the officer on duty.

After considerable delay, endless explanations, and tedious repetitions of their name and address, they were permitted to depart. The Duke was agonized when he heard of their release. "A man six feet two inches in height—in my grounds at such an early hour—and with the shallow pretence of bathing—a clergyman! Impossible! "Trace them by all means," wrote

the Duke to his legal friend in Mansfield: "no doubt these are the men we have so long been in search of, and whom we know to have entertained the most culpable intentions with regard to Clumber."

Poor Mr. W—ss—e! What a reflection on a man of his inches!

The accidental mention of Mansfield recals to my recollection that ornament of its neighbourhood—Newstead Abbey. The most intense and yet most melancholy interest hangs around every ivied arch, and sculptured stone, and mouldering battlement of Newstead. The genius associated with it—the great poet to whom it once belonged—the gloom and wretchedness which suddenly overcast his domestic life and embittered all his fame—his brief career and early death—occur with irresistible force to the mind as you approach this far-famed resting-place of the monks of Newstead.

To a lover of poetry it is almost sacred ground. It is something, methought, as I wandered over its hallowed precincts to have paced the terrace on which Byron mused—sat in the room in which he wrote —stood under the shade of the tree he planted—and rested beneath the mausoleum which covers the remains of that trusty favourite whose fidelity he has commemorated in immortal verse.*

But though many are the memorials of Byron to be found at Newstead—though the drawing-room is graced by that highly finished portrait of him taken in early life, and judged by those who were then "his familiars" to be such a striking likeness—though *there* is shown the well-known drinking-cup formed of a skull mounted in gold —though *there* is to be seen the bed in

---

* "One friend I had, and he lies here."
Lines on BOATSWAIN, *a Newfoundland dog.*

which he rested—and the chair in which he sat—and the table at which he wrote—yet to a dull, heavy, every-day fellow like myself, by far the most touching memento of the great poet is to be met with in the grounds, and detected in an object by no means generally known, and very rarely pointed out to the curious visitant.

It is a tree, or rather two trees, which appear to have sprung from the same stem, and have grown up close together. The slighter of the two seems to lean towards, and to depend for shelter on the other. On these trees, carved by the bard's own hands, are his own name and that of his sister, to whom he was so fondly attached—the Honourable Mrs. Leigh. The characters run thus: the first is on the bark of the larger and loftier; the second on that of the lowlier tree:—

"Byron, 1813."

"Augusta."

The hand which carved those frail memorials of attachment lies cold and motionless beneath the lowly altar of Hucknall; but the affection they were intended to pourtray still glows in the bosom of her whose name was almost the last word which trembled on the lip of her illustrious brother.

To Newstead Mrs. Leigh never alludes but with feelings of the most unequivocal and intense affection. To it her heart is constantly reverting, and to him who "sleeps in the village church hard by." She never speaks of it—never writes of it but as "dear, dear Newstead:"—of Byron but as her "most beloved and lamented brother;" and, in acknowledging some game sent from the estate, has been known to remark with tears that "*the very feathers of a Newstead bird were dear to her.*"

The visiter's book is curious. It contains the autographs of some of the most celebrated people in Europe. In the first

page I lighted upon the signatures of the present Duke of Orleans, of General Baudrand, and the other members of the Duke's suite, who spent two hours in the house and grounds during his Royal Highness's last visit to England. It is enriched also with the autograph—a vile one—of the Countess Guiccioli.

The Countess Guiccioli at Newstead! The association appears hateful and unnatural; and yet imagination instantly embodies the emotions with which she would inspect the home of him whose devoted attachment to her was one of the most inexplicable passages in his wayward career.

The Countess, it seems, brought down a letter of introduction to the present possessor of Newstead from Mr. Murray, of Albemarle-street. It was singularly short and pithy; and worded with a diplomacy that would have won admiration even from old Talleyrand.

The Countess moreover, while staying at her inn at Nottingham, addressed a letter to the owner of the Abbey from herself, requesting permission to go over it. Leave was instantly given. The ladies were all put out of the way; and the gallant and kind-hearted Colonel himself escorted the stranger over Newstead. She did not betray much feeling; calmly and coolly traversed the premises without evincing any outward emotion; except that, when she came to the famous portrait in the drawing-room, she uttered two or three exclamations in Italian.

She was described to us as by no means pretty or even pleasing—a Frenchified ugly looking woman, sallow in complexion, and common-place in manner.

There was also another respecting whom we hazarded an inquiry, "Had *she* ever of late years visited Newstead?"—"Not avowedly and openly," was the reply: but

early one morning, long before the usual hours of shewing the Abbey had arrived, two ladies, apparently mother and daughter, presented themselves, and requested permission to inspect it. They walked silently and rapidly over the building, without asking any question or making any comment till they reached the drawing-room where hangs the portrait so often alluded to. They went instantly up to the picture, and as they gazed on it both wept bitterly.

They were subsequently conjectured, on no slight or fanciful grounds, to have been the widow and daughter of Byron.

Sad and solemn must have been the feelings of Ada Byron, as she stood for the first time in the hall of her Fathers!

Mais vive la bagatelle!—as the worthy contractor said at York, and released me from the weightiest female charge dame fortune ever imposed upon me.

"Thereby hangs a tale."

In the winter of 182—, a few weeks subsequent to the successful attempt which that fanatic or maniac Jonathan Martin had made to fire York Minster, I chanced to be detained by accident for some hours at "the Tavern" in York.

In the room into which I was shewn I found a middle-aged lady of considerable dimensions in a case of the most surpassing distress. She was "a connoiseur in architecture," and "an enthusiastic admirer of cathedrals;" and she "had never been able to close her eyes for more than forty minutes together since she had heard of this awful, dreadful, direful, fearful, unpardonable act of this most sacrilegious incendiary!"

Good heavens! how that unfortunate man was abused! If words could have killed, he would never have lived to take his trial, far less to survive it!

She "could think of little else than this

appalling crime," which she "was perfectly certain the Papists had planned and persuaded Martin to execute. No human being should ever convince her to the contrary of that! In fact she had been credibly informed"—this was said in a low confidential whisper—"that J. K. L. (Dr. Doyle) had been seen in York only a few hours before the fire broke out; and further, that the moment the news had reached London, an express had been despatched to convey the grateful intelligence to—THE POPE." Her "own private opinion was that it would come out on the trial that Dr. Doyle had himself with his own hands helped Jonathan Martin into the cathedral. She was fully prepared for some most frightful disclosures! She was going (as soon as her servant had obtained some refreshment), to the Minster. She had travelled ninety-five miles and three-quarters for that sole and special purpose. She had worshipped,

she was happy to say, in every cathedral church in England and Wales."—Stephen here made his appearance.—"Perhaps I was going to the Minster? If so she would avail herself of my escort."

I bowed; and expressed, as in duty bound, my profound sense of the honour conferred upon me; and off we started.

Never did woman make such a hideous and continuous lamentation, as my marvellously fat companion on viewing the scene of devastation which presented itself on our entering into the Minster. She sighed, she groaned, she moaned. She wept, exclaimed, and denounced, all in a breath. Used as the verger had been for weeks previously, to piteous exclamations of all sorts, to expressions of regret, and words of mourning, he evidently awarded the palm in his own mind to my new acquaintance the stout lady.

"Dear heart alive!" said he to Stephen

as we were quitting the sanctuary, "how the lady does take on to be sure! Perhaps somehow or other she BELONGS to the Minster?"

"*Belangs* to it!" responded Stephen in that charmingly snappish tone which is so peculiarly characteristic of an old servant—"she *belangs* to every Minster upon 'arth I believe! 'Tis the nature of her. She's always upon the GROAN!"

Whether Stephen here did justice to the stout lady, I do not pretend to determine. Certain I am of this, that words could not express my gratitude when I got the stout lady fairly off my wearied arm, and deposited within a large easy chair at the tavern. Stephen disappeared in a twinkling.

In the meantime a party had effected a lodgment in one corner of our room;—"a most respectable party," as the landlady assured us—"all eminent men in their

way"—architects, contractors, builders, surveyors, who had been making arrangements the whole live-long day touching the repair of the Minster, and were now taking a little refreshment.

When the landlady paused, I ordered supper for myself and my companion, who appeared totally unconscious of what was passing around her; but sat rocking herself to and fro in her chair in a state of the most profound affliction.

Where was Stephen? I felt horribly puzzled what to do; and most unaffectedly did I desire the return of that superlatively snarlish functionary.—Alas! he came not!

While I chafed and worried myself into a most unphilosophic state of mind, the chairman of the party opposite—a merry soul—one who loved a joke—(a quip and a crank might be discovered in the curl of his lip, and many a merry thought in the roll of his light blue eye)—rose and said,

"Gentlemen, you have asked me for a toast. I'll give you one fitting to the body of the time, 'its form and pressure.'

"*Here's the best friend we ever had!*

"JONATHAN MARTIN!

"*Health and long life to him!*"

As he uttered these words, I heard such an inconceivable uproar proceed from the deep recesses of the chair, that for the moment I verily believed the stout lady, chair and all, had incontinently turned over. I ran to her assistance, but was too late.

She put her hands to her ears, and bolted with a precipitancy which neither her weight nor her years warranted my anticipating.

"*Vive la bagatelle!*" said Mr. Vice, as the door closed upon the retreating fugitive. "One man's meat is another man's poison."

"Poor human nature! alas! what art thou?" as Mr. Reinhard sagaciously ob-

served at the close of his midnight adventure.

"And who is Mr. Reinhard?"

You shall hear.

Mr. Caspar Reinhard was the enterprising head of a very successful house. He liked money. He talked of it—thought of it—dreamed of it—lived for it. He liked money for its own sake. His heart swelled within him as he signed for his dividends. He was conscious of a thrill of quiet but unutterable satisfaction, when he glanced over the entries of his thoroughly conned cash-book. He liked money for the advantages it brought in its train. He liked it for the respect it reflected on him. He liked it for the security it seemed to afford him. He liked it because it enabled him at least a dozen times a year to propound this remark which he observed was "*solid*," —and "to those who walked about town with their eyes open, pregnant with a world

of meaning"—that he began life with one hundred pounds, and was now worth, any day in the week, one hundred thousand.

Upon the same principle he regulated his opinion of others. He thought Mr. Rothschild the wisest among the children of men, and Lord Camden the weakest. To a post-office clerk, who showed him how he had for years lived on seventeen-pence-half-penny a day, and out of an income of sixty pounds had saved two and thirty, he ever after touched his hat with an air of the most profound respect. Lady Lyndhurst, celebrated for her practical abhorrence of miserly propensities, he used to sigh over as that "beautiful but costly woman:"—while the author of that incomprehensible tractate entitled "*How to live well on Fifty Pounds per Annum*," he invited to his table and eulogized as a benefactor to his species.

Next to his money he prized his unexceptionable clerk, Mr. Caleb Clements.

There never was such a clerk. He was invariably true to time. The post-office clock was not more fully to be relied upon. And such an accountant! so rapid—so ready—and so exact—yes—yes—he merited confidence reposed in him. And then his habits! He was always so silent, so observant, so respectful. "He scarcely knew vice even by name! Young and active: and yet had nothing in common with the counting-house puppies of modern days! No folly and frippery about him! He scarcely knew where the theatres stood. And for his hatred of all extravagance and idle expense, he was a pattern to every clerk in the city. In fact he was '*an unexceptionable clerk!*'"

He had just arrived for about the thousandth time at this conclusion, when, on one memorable morning—that prince of pattern clerks being absent at his mid-day meal—an elderly individual of rather superior

address, but bearing about with him the air and outward appearance of a decayed gentleman, entered the counting-house, and requested to see Mr. Reinhard on private business.

"Sir!"—said the merchant puffing like a porpoise, and pausing between his words with more than usual pomposity,—"whatever you have to say to me, you may speak with safety before that gentleman:"--pointing to his sleeping partner, who, perched upon a high stool, was nodding most incontinently over the *Times* newspaper:—the little neck he had being buried in a green silk neckcloth, while his round shoulders were displayed to peculiar advantage in a small tight buttoned claret coat.—"Excuse me, Sir, the communication I have to make must be made to you alone."—"I am not aware, Sir," returned the other petulantly, "that we have ever met before, or that you can give me any important or exclusive in-

formation. I do not therefore see the necessity of a private interview."

"As a matter of courtesy, then?"—the stranger suggested. "That, Sir, decides the point at once,"—and Mr. Reinhard gravely led the way into his private room.

"The information I have to give you, Mr. Reinhard, is to you of the most essential importance. It affects, indeed, the stability of your house. I do not profess to afford it voluntarily or gratuitously: but before any disclosure——" "Sir," interrupted the merchant, and he looked as if he had a vast inclination to knock his informant down—"be cautious in your statements. Are you aware of the meaning of your words? The stability of this firm—of Reinhard, Muet, and Crump, en-en-endangered!" —and his utterance became every moment thicker and more indistinct—"I'd have you to know that—"—"You are irritated—cannot, or will not, view the subject as I ex-

pected," said the unknown, in tones of unruffled calmness. "This is a matter which requires the most dispassionate exercise of the judgment. Anger not reason guides you; and we part."

"Part! not till you have explained yourself. Are these words to be lightly uttered and speedily forgotten? No, no:—Sir, explain yourself, I say."—"I will, at eleven o'clock to-night, fully and freely, if you will meet me near the western door of St. Paul's. I will then prove to you—you yourself shall admit—that, persevere in your present course—blunder on in your present blindness—and nothing can save the house of Reinhard, Muet, and Crump from an early appearance in the Gazette."

"That I should have lived to hear mortal man clothe such a thought in words!" groaned the merchant; and his rage seemed on the point of returning, when, like lightning, the misdemeanours of Mrs. Muet,

flashed across his recollection. Her many and accursed extravagancies, which he had denounced so vainly to her doting husband, rose rapidly before him. Her Opera box and Richmond Villa—her pearls, which rivalled those worn by Lady Peel—her private lessons from Rubini, and princely patronage of Fanny Woodham—her intimacy with that outrageously extravagant woman, Mrs. Watson Taylor—and her suspected partiality for that irresistible cornet in the Guards, Lord Ranelagh—these, with a thousand similar delinquencies, came thick and fast upon him. Was it her frailty he was about to ascertain? Were Mr. Muet's eyes at last to be opened, and by his means? And his sarcastic, lovely foe—his playful, ceaseless tormentor, was he about to be rid of her for ever? His brow cleared in an instant: a chuckle seemed to rise in his throat;—Mrs. Muet all in tears appeared to kneel before him;—and he gasped out

with a sort of delirious gaiety which startled for a moment his more self-possessed companion,—"I WILL meet you—come what may, I will meet you."

And alone?

"Alone."

"And you will never originate or further, directly or indirectly, any attempt to discover who I am; or by what means I am enabled to make the disclosure I purpose?—for which, WHEN COMPLETED, I require on the instant one hundred pounds."

"Prove to me," said the merchant, hurriedly and anxiously, that the allegations with which you started are well-founded—that the character or stability of the firm is at present endangered—or of any partner in the firm—and double that sum is at your service."

"I am satisfied," said the stranger, and withdrew.

At twenty minutes before midnight on

the same evening, two gentlemen, closely and carefully enveloped in cloaks of the same colour, make, and material, were observed to leave a well appointed equipage near the main entrance of St. James's Palace.

"You must here submit yourself entirely to my guidance, and consent to walk bandaged and blindfold by my side for a very few minutes," said the younger and calmer of the two to the elder. "This precaution will not be requisite for more than ten minutes; during that space of time it is indispensable." The elder appeared to yield most reluctantly and unwillingly; but he *did* yield. His private impression was, that he had passed over a good deal of ground, but was at no great distance from the spot whence he started, when the bandage was removed, and he found himself at the foot of a stone staircase dimly lighted.

"A few seconds," said his conductor,

"will now prove to you the truth or falsehood of my statements. Repeat, however, again to me, your promise—your solemn and unqualified promise—that whatever sight or sound meets eye or ear, no remark—no reproof—no gesture—no name or exclamation—shall escape you, but that you will observe in silence. We are watched; and any imprudence might be fatal to one or both of us."

"Rely on me," was Reinhard's reply.

"Then forward," whispered his guide.

As he spoke, he gently displaced a mahogany panel. Behind this panel was a small glass window. This he opened without noise—passed through—and, beckoning his companion to follow, placed him near a dome which commanded a complete view of the scene which was passing in the room below them.

Round a table, in the centre of which were two heaps of gold, sat seven gentle-

men; one of whom—and by no means the least eager or adventurous of the group—was—Caleb Clements!

Fifties—hundreds—thousands—did the merchant see this "unexceptionable" young man, who "*knew not vice even by name*," win and lose alternately: till Reinhard's changing colour, and the perspiration which rolled in showers from his glowing cheeks, warned his conductor to remove him from the scene of his misery ere reason forsook her seat altogether.

"Here," said the merchant, long before they got out of the building—"here's the sum so justly yours. I told you if you proved your case, I would double the stakes. I have trebled them. Take it—but see me home. I know not where I am nor what I'm doing. I believe I shall never fetch my breath freely again! My legs bend under me—God help me! I'm a miserable man. Whoever you may be, you

are safe with me. You have performed your part—I mine. But, for the love of humanity, see me home. Heaven only knows how long I'm to have one to call my own!"

The request was complied with; and Mr. Reinhard was deposited in safety at his own dwelling, to pass a night of agonizing inquietude which seemed as if it would never end.

Early on the morrow he was at the counting-house. Clements was there before him. Seated in his stated place—calm, submissive, and composed as usual—no living being would have recognized, in the sample of commercial diligence before him, the flushed and excited gamester of the preceding night.

"Mr. Clements, I wish to look at your books," was Reinhard's remark, after the usual questions of the day.

"My books, Sir? Certainly. I will make

them up and submit them to you in five minutes."

Mr. Reinhard turned round—a Russian merchant entered with a letter of introduction, and engrossed his attention with some remarks on foreign exchanges. The five minutes became ten, and the ten were swelling into twenty, when, weary of waiting, he again called for Mr. Clements and his books.

That worthy was no where to be found. Suspecting the game was up, he had taken advantage of the foreigner's entry, and had very adroitly made his escape. He was never seen in the City again.

Mr. Reinhard's face grew awfully long as he dived into the intricacies of Caleb's account. The precise amount of the defalcations of that phœnix of arithmeticians he never cared to reveal. But he seldom failed to heave a heavy sigh whenever any allusion was made to his faultless favourite.

The events, too, of that memorable night seemed to have wrought a considerable modification in his creed. He was much more respectful in his demeanour to Mrs. Muet, went to Rubini's benefit, and twice took off his hat to Lord Ranelagh.

Nor was he again ever heard to talk of young men who "knew vice only by name," or to search right and left through the City, for an *unexceptionable clerk*.

But wiser men may be deceived even than Mr. Reinhard of Mincing-lane. Noble lords are occasionally obfuscated, as the following passage may probably prove.

To the —— Hunt belonged the Earl of —— and Lord R——h. In the neighbourhood resided a Mr. Watts, a medical man of high and acknowledged eminence, who, to other and more valuable accomplishments of mind and person, added that of being a bold and fearless rider. He was a member of the hunt, and at intervals

made his appearance amongst them. He delighted to see the hounds throw off, and his custom was to lead the hunt for a mile or two, and then have done with it.

His bold, manly, and dashing style of riding attracted the notice of the field; and the Earl was one day heard thus to address his brother peer:—

"R——h! who, in the name of Nimrod, is that man who is heading the hunt in that gallant style? The fellow will break his neck to a certainty. Who is he, I say?"

"Doctor Watts."

"What! the man who wrote the Psalms?"

"Yes: I believe so—the very same?"

"Well, I must say, for a parson he's a good one. That's a man who deserves preferment. Benefice such a man if you will. His seat would not discredit a dean. A gallant fellow, by this light, is that Dr. Watts! I remember my mother had a very high opinion of him. She used always to

talk of him on a Sunday morning before breakfast. I little expected, though, I should ever see him in the field. How hard and well the fellow rides!"

Full of the subject, and pleased with his discovery, Lord R——h observed, with unusual energy of expression to the uninitiated few at the close of the day's sport:—

"Ah! you little knew who was in the field to-day! No less a person than Dr. Watts the Psalmist!"

And now, most indulgent Reader, adieu! The times are becoming critical: and it is not likely we shall ever meet again. I feel myself getting old, and daily more averse to exertion: I read less, and dream more: and reflect—as well I may!—on the deep philosophy of the observation of that syren, Fanny Ayton, to Dr. H——. "Ah, Dr. H——, there is little worth living for but music and port wine!"

Jan. 7th, 1834.

WHYCHCOTTE OF ST. JOHN'S.

PROFESSOR SMYTHE.

" Time, the cradle of hope but the grave of ambition, is the stern corrector of fools, but the salutary counsellor of the wise. Wisdom walks before it, opportunity with it, and repentance behind it; he that has made it his friend will have little to fear from his enemies, but he that has made it his enemy will have little to hope from his friends."

O, GENIUS! who shall define thy powers —who shall limit thy triumphs?

To bring again from the tomb the great and good of former ages—to make them pour forth to the living, lessons of warning and wisdom—to speak to the heart by ex-

perience—to assail it, not with the ice of argument, but with the fire of noble sentiment and generous daring—to form, as it were, a new compact with nature—to give a language to the stars, and to the earth a spell—to make every tree, and flower, and blade of grass, and blossom, eloquent with a voice, and instinct with wisdom:—these, O, Genius! are thy triumphs, and they are thine alone!

Such was the train of feeling with which I laid down a packet of notes of the Lectures of Mr. Smythe, Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, and one of the many living ornaments of which the university can boast.

Whether it be the peculiar beauty of his style, or the noble, and generous, and elevated sentiments which his Lectures embody,—or the feeling with which they are uttered,—or the singular felicity with which he sustains the unflagging interest and at-

tention of his youthful auditory,—or to all these circumstances combined,—certain it is, that no professor ever conciliated or retained, in a higher degree, the affectionate regard of those who, year after year, have attended his Lectures.

For him, even the idle will rise an hour earlier, rather than lose the lecture. For him, the gay, rather than forego the fund of information that awaits them, will desert their late breakfast party, or decline it altogether.

He is precisely the sort of lecturer to influence the auditory he addresses. His object is, invariably and unweariedly to inspire them with elevated sentiments and enlarged views—to lead them to regard with distrust, men of sweeping measures and daring experiments—to teach them to look for the security of a country in the lenity and justice of its administration—to to think all vain but affection and honour

—the simplest and cheapest pleasures, the truest and most precious—to impress on them, that virtue herself is becoming, and the pursuit of truth rational—and that generosity of sentiment is the only mental acquirement which is either to be wished for or admired.

Rarely does a lecture close without containing in it some reference to man's higher destiny, and the magnificent visions of christian hope; apart from which his existence is a riddle, and his trials unmeaning.

One is at this instant present to me.—He had been lecturing on the Flight to Varennes: and, in alluding to the various accounts which had been given of that unfortunate enterprize, took occasion to notice the difficulties and distrust which certain sceptics have attempted to throw over the the mission of our Lord, from certain discrepancies, omissions, and apparent inconsistencies, in the accounts of the four Evan-

gelists. " Paley, that most sensible writer, has noticed these attempts, and has most completely and triumphantly refuted them. If the argument which Paine and Hume have applied to the writers of the four Gospels—which are strictly and properly Memoirs of the Life and Sufferings of our Saviour—be applied to the narratives of writers on the French Revolution, we are bound to infer, upon their principle, that no such event as the French Revolution has ever occurred!

" Discrepancies, contradictions, omissions, inconsistencies, present themselves, which it is impossible to reconcile or overlook. Take, for an instance, the fact of the Flight to Varennes. The queen is represented, in one account, as leaving the palace leaning on the arm of Monsieur de Moulins: in another, as leaning on the arm of M. de Mallery: by a third writer it is asserted positively, that she quitted it

alone. Yet from this, are we to imagine that the queen did not leave it all?

Again:

"One account states confidently, that M. de Bouillé was wounded in the side and in the shoulder. Monsieur de Damas says, that he was wounded only in the breast. A third writer affirms, that his sole injury was that of a slight contusion on the head. The fact of his ill-treatment and butchery is beyond dispute.

Again:

"One writer of considerable authority says, that the queen was recognized, at St. Menehould, by Drouet's son: another, that she was observed by Drouet himself. In detailing the several features of this disastrous undertaking, one historian affirms, that Drouet entered the town of Clermont; another, that he passed by it; a third, that he rode into Varennes alone; a fourth, that his son was with him; a fifth

—and this is the true account—that he was accompanied by a friend. Yet, of his detection of the royal party—of his journey to and arrival at Varennes—there can exist no doubt. All these are matters of indisputable truth. Yet is it on points, slight and immaterial as these, that the veracity of the Gospel narratives has been attempted to be overthrown, and the reality of our Saviour's existence impugned!"

It was my good fortune to have heard the entire course of the Professor's Lectures, and in particular, that portion of them in which he, for the first time, brought his labours down to the French Revolution and the dissolution of the Constituent Assembly. It was curious to listen to the terms in which he alluded to that memorable era. "It was a great calamity to mankind that the French revolution failed; that this grand experiment in the cause of liberty—the grandest of all causes—was *mismanag-*

ed!".... "I do not attempt to write the history of the French revolution; I can only allude to those events which you must study for yourselves. Some idea should be formed of it by you all, and as soon as possible. You should not go into the world, or long remain in it, without some settled persuasion on this momentous subject..... The French Revolution failed—failed in all the expectations which wise and good men formed of it..... In the Revolution there was selfishness on the one hand, and rashness on the other. It failed. The causes of its failure I propose to your careful consideration. I should esteem it no mean praise—I should deem it a sufficient reward if any thing I have here said has the effect of turning your attention to this grand subject."

He is said, I know not with what truth, to have been the tutor of Brinsley Sheridan. At all events his political principles are, and ever have been, without any com-

promise or concealment, those of the Whigs; and the appointment which he holds was conferred upon him (it is in the gift of the Crown) in the brief interval during which that party held office in 180–.

He is understood to have been at one period a constant contributor to the pages of the Edinburgh Review. That his powers of composition are not confined to prose, his exquisite lines addressed to the memory of Dr. Currie, those on Henry Kirke White, and some very beautiful poems which were quoted in the Review referred to, and pronounced to be the offerings of his muse, are an ample testimony. It is difficult to give in few words a satisfactory sketch of him. He lives in a world of his own.

The motives, actions, feelings, failings of the silent dead, are infinitely more familiar to him than the fleeting politics of his own day. His companions are those who have long since appeared and faded from this

shifting scene. The petty rivalries of the moment—the passing animosities of the hour—affect him not. They possess for him no interest. He declines understanding them, and will not permit his repose to be disturbed by them.

His studies seem to have perfected in him the noble qualities of moderation and forbearance—qualities not only admirable in themselves, but valuable in the extreme, when considered with reference to one who has to enforce the study and lessons of history on a youthful audience. Severe to himself, he is lenient and kind to a degree in the construction he places on the actions and intentions of others; and the only moment in which he appears really ruffled, is when music, of which he is a devoted and enthusiastic lover, and to enjoy which he spares no expence and declines no trouble, is marred or mingled with the senseless chatter of some noisy babbler.

You would like to see him? We are late: it wants but one minute to ten. Away to the anatomical schools. Here, in this dark, dingy lecture-room, his little black mahogany stand placed straight before him, his right arm a little extended, the left resting on the small portfolio which contains his lectures—his whole appearance indicating the gentleman of the old school, but strongly characteristic of extreme *bonhommie* and kindness of disposition—stands the popular Professor. Hark! he has just finished some brilliant passage—a part of his well known lecture on Maria Theresa:—Who that has heard it can ever forget it?—or has summed up his elaborate analysis of Frederick the Great—or has closed his exquisite portraiture of the follies and sorrows of the unfortunate Antoinette, and a murmur of applause which they cared not or could not control, has burst from his delighted auditory.

Take another view. You see that tall and somewhat gaunt figure, in a green coat and black velvet collar, bright buff waistcoat, knee breeches, and white cotton stockings, powdered, with round shoulders, and rather a stoop in his gait—yes, he that is striding away before us on the Trumpington Walk, with his hands behind him—his master's gown curiously tucked up into a roll, and most unceremoniously disposed of, as if it fettered the motions of the wearer, and was an appendage he would gladly dispense with—there goes the boast of Peterhouse, totally abstracted from the present, and revelling in recollections of the past.

It is difficult where there is so much that is admirable to select specimens of excellence. But his lecture on the Flight to Varennes—on Maria Theresa—on the American War—on the unfortunate Antoinette--and Frederick the Great, are those

which are least likely to fade from the recollection of his hearers.

His voice is peculiar. Your first impressions of it are unfavourable; that it is harsh, wiry, thin, and inharmonious. Yet, so completely does he identify himself with his subject, that those passages which require irony or pathos; lofty indignation, or winning intreaty; cutting rebuke, or generous pity, are delivered with a truth, a fire, a force, and feeling, which set criticism at defiance.

Those who have observed him narrowly, will have noted two peculiarities in his utterance of the words "squadron" and "bosom." Instead of the generally received pronunciation, he sounds them as if written "*squaydron*" and "*bussum*."

Are these remarks considered captious and hypercritical? 'Tis on the brightest mirrors that the slightest specks are seen. His favourites are Madame de Staël as a

political writer, Sir James Mackintosh as a statesman, and Washington as a ruler. Of the former he spoke thus:

"That extraordinary woman, Madame de Staël, a friend to liberty, with a fine imagination and feeling heart, has written most ably on the French revolution. It will repay your perusal. Brydone has criticised it chapter by chapter, and line by line. He has little imagination and no feeling: and comes after her like a cold blast that shrivels up and destroys the beautiful landscape it passes over."

Again:

"Madame de Staël, by the liveliness of her imagination and the quickness of her feelings, can sympathize with every party; and thus appears to enter into the sentiments and opinions of all. Noble minded woman, she softens down her criticisms when those whom she censures are in misery and misfortune! Friend as she was

to civil and religious liberty, she could not but deplore the failure of the revolution; she could not but lament the mistakes of her father, and mourn over the calamities of her country!"

Of the author of "Vindiciæ Gallicæ," he remarked, "Sir James Mackintosh wrote and commented in severe terms upon the king's speech. His strictures appeared as a pamphlet. He was then young in life: but he was then, as he certainly is now, and long has been, one of the most steady and enlightened interpreters and supporters of civil and religious liberty."

Again:

"Burke wrote on the French revolution, and was answered by Mr. Mackintosh, a very young man; but who gave then the promise of what he was afterwards to become as a man of letters and a philosophic statesman."

His delineation and opinion of Wash-

ington, as a warrior and a ruler, will appear hereafter. The following insulated passages are not hazarded with the intention of giving an adequate and complete idea of Professor Smythe's lectures. I am thoroughly sensible of the vanity of such an attempt. But they may convey some idea. Those who have not attended his course will not be sensible how far these extracts fall short of the force and beauty of the original. Those who have had that opportunity, and *prized* it, will, *I am* SURE, feel no regret at having their recollections of him refreshed, however faintly and feebly.

The passages as they appear here, were taken down in a note book in the lecture-room. The little given is, I believe, accurate. Those best acquainted with his lectures, will be the first to admit the difficulty of doing them justice. As one attempts to follow him, passage after passage presents itself, of such exquisite beauty and bril-

liancy; bursts of the purest pathos follow each other in such rapid succession, that you forget or abandon your intention, and throw down your pencil in despair.

Louis XIV.—The reign of Louis XIV. was long, and his history is the history of Europe. It has been said by apologists for Louis that HE was not cruel and vindictive, but his *ministers*. Let us investigate the two leading events of his reign: the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and the destruction of the Palatinate. With the former event as protestants,—as Englishmen,—as readers of history,—we cannot be too well acquainted. It is a striking instance of the evils of intolerance. It is a measure in which they who vainly fatigue their faculties by inventing test acts would have found a lesson had they condescended to read it.* It was well suited to his temper. Nothing could be more agreeable to Louis than to make, at the expense of others, some reparation for his own sins—to seem, rather than to be, religious. In

* An account of it will be found in Voltaire's History of Louis XIV. Chapter on Calvinism.

forming an estimate of his character, we must view him under three different heads : —

I. His *personal* character,—as exhibited in his pride—his vanity—his love of applause—his love of glory.

II. His *private* character,—with reference to its operation on those around him—to its operation on his people.

III. His *public* character as a potentate of Europe.

He was in some respects unfortunate. He became a ruler of the earth when quite an infant. His education was neglected. His ruling passion was vanity—the mere love of praise. He was an actor. He was eternally uneasy and anxious for an audience. He was incessantly desirous to exhibit. At his levees—in his drawing-room—on his terrace—at his meals—he was ever acting the grand posture-maker of Europe. Throughout the whole of the royal day he had his exits and his entrances. It was for ever a drama, and the hero of the piece was Louis. Even at the chapel it was the "grand monarque" at his devotions. No ideas, however overwhelming—no apprehension of the sanctity of the Being he was addressing, seems for

one instant to have banished from his view, the tinsel trumpery of human grandeur. Yet his age was very famous. Several master spirits lived in it; and the splendour of their works has been reflected back upon the age and history of Louis. Turenne, Villeroy, Vendome, and the great Condé, were his generals: Richelieu and Mazarine were his statesmen: Le Notre laid out his grounds: he had Perreau for the architect of his palaces, and Le Poussin to decorate them: Corneille and Racine wrote his tragedies: Moliere his comedies: Bourdaloue, Bossuet, and Massillon, were his ministers. What could he desire more? I have already alluded to his appetite for praise. Out of forty-nine years,—these bounded his reign —he had twenty-nine years of war. One million of men were sacrificed. A succession of battles was to be fought, attended with the most frightful carnage: the tender were to mourn, and the brave were to die; that Louis might be called "Great!"

At the close of his life, when the pageantry of power was about to cease for ever, he seems to have been first sensible that he had mistaken the first duties of a sovereign. "My son," said he on

his death-bed to the Dauphin, "cultivate peace as the source of the greatest good. Avoid war as the source of the greatest evil. My example in this respect has not been a good one. Do not imitate it. It is this part of my reign that I most regret."

To understand the age of Louis read Voltaire's "Histoire du Siècle de Louis XIV," in particular the preface. In this work you will discover the extent of the king's natural genius—his hatred of birth and talent—his taste for details—his system of espionage, which descended even to the opening of letters—the vile and arbitrary nature of his selfishness, which made his ministers and dependents, his family and children, the victims of his caprice—his personal advantages—his gallantry—his mistresses—all will be found in Voltaire's history, to which I again refer you. Frenchmen find fault with his work. They say it is rather a grand outline of the reign of their "grand monarque" than a complete and embodied history of his career.

Madame de Genlis, in her beautiful novel of "La Duchesse de la Valliere," has drawn his portrait in the most flattering colours. History, however,

had passed her verdict. No new estimate can be formed of his character according to her wishes. There is little in Louis to be beloved, and not much which can properly be admired. But it is time to take leave of this celebrated age and its celebrated hero.

Louis XV.—You will be disappointed that there is no good history of this reign to which I can refer you. It has not yet been written as a portion of French history. Duclos deserts us just about the period at which we have arrived. *I have announced and must continue to announce to ye the reign of Louis XV. a prelude to the French revolution.* The chief points in the foreign politics of this reign are the acquisitions of the Duchies of Lorraine and Barr; and the interference of the Duc de Choiseul in the affairs of Genoa, by which the island of Corsica was annexed to the French monarchy.

Disputes had arisen between the Corsicans and the republic of Genoa. The Genoese wished to know what they were to pay the French Government for the hire of troops to reduce that island. The Duc de Choiseul proposed higher and higher terms—at length the possession of the island itself.

He then announced himself as a mediator—affirmed that it was a dependence far too uncertain and burdensome for a republic like theirs, and that it would be for their advantage to be relieved from it.

The negotiation was carried on so secretly that the jealousy of England was never awakened, and he succeeded—succeeded by slaying the brave with his bayonets, and bribing the irresolute with his gold. But there is a righteous retribution which awaits nations as well as individuals. Who could conceive from this island, so betrayed and trampled on, from its inhabitants, so cruelly enslaved and remorselessly butchered, one should arise who should crush the Bourbons under foot—one to whom thrones were footstools—one who should become the bitterest scourge of monarchs, and of France in particular!

The great domestic events were,

I. The Religious Disputes.

II. The Financial Disputes.

The religious disputes had the effect of alienating the minds of the people, not only from the existing establishments of the country, but from the monarch himself, and thus preparing the way

for the revolution. These religious disputes were between the Jesuits and the Jansenists, and turned mainly upon the points of predestination and free will; the most magnificent problems that can be offered to the human understanding—problems never intended by the deity to be solved by those finite faculties which he has given us.

FENELON.—One of the ornaments of the court at this period, was Fenelon, that pure and elevated being. He was tutor to the Duke of Burgundy. This prince was the grandson of Louis, and heir-presumptive to the throne—the hope and promise of France. His history is curious. This prince was at first headstrong, profligate, and cruel; but, by the instructions of wise and good men, and the never-ceasing care of Fenelon, became so well-informed and accomplished, so virtuous and discerning, that if he had lived and come to the throne, it is quite a problem whether the French Revolution would have occurred. For him the Adventures of Telemachus were written. And we may suppose them to have been the subject of those great moral and political lessons which he endeavoured to impress upon the young duke's mind. They were considered quite

a satire upon the character of Louis XIV.—upon his despotism, his selfishness, his love of war, his jealousy and ambition.

He presses the importance of the equal distribution of justice; how seldom a search is made by sovereigns for good and great men, and consequently how rarely they are approached by them. He inculcates peace, which he proves to be the grand aim and object of every wise and good ruler. His work was deemed an elaborate satire upon the character and pursuits of the reigning sovereign. He was banished to his bishopric of Cambray, not so much on account of his religious heresies, but because his political lessons were not relished by the court. And this idea gains strength from a letter of Madame de Maintenon to the Duc de Beauvilliers, in which she says, that upon the death of the Duke of Burgundy, the king had looked over his papers, and committed every thing written by Fenelon to the flames. . . . . His schemes of political economy are sound. Narbal says, ' Open your ports: receive all strangers with readiness and hospitality: let them find safety, convenience, and liberty, in your harbours. Let the laws of trade be neither complicated nor bur-

thensome. Do not violate them yourself, nor suffer them to be violated with impunity. *Above all, never restrain the freedom of commerce, by rendering it subservient to your own immediate gain.* There are more than equivalent advantages of another kind, which must necessarily result to the prince from the wealth which a free commerce will bring into his state: and commerce is a kind of spring, which, to divert from its natural channel, is to lose. There are but two things which invite foreigners—profit and conveniency. If you render commerce less convenient or less gainful, they will insensibly forsake you; and those that once depart will never return.'*

What a lesson for 'CUSTOM-HOUSE STATESMEN,' who, by bounties and restrictions, think to make their own country rich, by keeping every other country poor:—*that is, enrich the tradesman by impoverishing his customer!*

NECKAR.—Louis XVI. ascends the throne. He is extremely disquieted about the finances. Gives his confidence to Maurepas:—who is succeeded first by Turgot, and then by Neckar.

* Telemachus, Book iii.

Maurepas's plan was bold enough :—no new loans, and no new taxes. This was sufficiently daring, when the annual deficit was twenty-five millions :—but Neckar's was bolder still—*new loans, and no new taxes!* How did Neckar propose to cover the deficiency? By abolishing useless places, by economy in the state, and retrenchment about the court. Neckar was the Minister of Retrenchment and Reform. He fails in his expectations and plans—at least with the court—and retires. Monsieur de Calonne succeeds.

Monsieur De Calonne.—Did a minister want a sinecure for a follower?—it was ready. Did the queen want a place or a pension for a favourite?—it was ready. Did a prince of the blood want a temporary supply, to defray a debt at the gaming-table?—it was ready. The minister was always smiling—always cheerful—quite at ease and contented—at every body's call—ready to listen to and oblige all the world. In this golden age, as it must have appeared to the court, the minister (De Calonne) discovered, that the revenue bore a frightful disproportion to the expenditure.

" Because I have not spoken in the most measured terms of the privileged orders, I have been

sacrificed." These may be considered the last words of De Calonne. He was disgraced and dismissed. But, strange retribution! he lived to see that very aristocracy, which had prepared and achieved his ruin, flying from before the senseless demagogues that too soon succeeded him. . . . . "It is to De Calonne," says Madame de Staël, "that the French Revolution is to be attributed: if such an event can be attributed to any single individual."

NECKAR.—When the king's proposition to the States was read, it was observed that "*Neckar was not in his place.*" The document had been so altered, that Neckar would not countenance it by his presence. Neckar was popular: and it was a grievous mistake, on the part of the Court, to lose, by a little concession, the countenance of such a man as Neckar. Neckar has appealed to posterity. He has a right, on every account, to be heard. He was a philosopher. The opinions of such a man are entitled to our consideration. He gives his reasons, which are always respectable, every advantage of style and manner. Read them attentively. Whatever shews the wisdom of Neckar, shews the folly of the Court. . . . . .

Neckar was a favourite with the monied men, and carried his loans and annuities very successfully. They were registered with some difficulty by the parliament. He was opposed by M. D'Espremenille, and Louis had neither courage nor firmness to support him. D'Espremenille talked of an appeal to the '*States General*.' The words fell THEN with little effect upon the ear of the public. Twelve years afterwards they were the signal of the French Revolution!

LOUIS XVI. was a man without energy, and but ill fitted for his situation. On the other hand, his people were unworthy of him. He was too gentle and benevolent for the times in which he lived. He was not of a temperament to resist the machinations of those who were opposed to him. Louis was resolved on two things only: not shedding the blood of his people, and not giving up his religion. He sat in his palace at the Tuilleries, observing every thing, but preventing nothing. . . . . The king delivered his speech. It was not without effect. The air—the tone—the simple dignity—the cordial manner in which he declared his sentiments, seem to have made an impression on *a people ever quick to feel, could*

they be steady enough to retain sentiments which do them honour! . . . . The king meant well. He had the good of his country at heart; but he lost the moment when concessions can be granted with dignity, and accepted with gratitude. . . . . Had the king been less of a good man, and his ministers more adroit, we should have had no Revolution. . . . . He was now left alone in his palace, the monument of the glory of his ancestors, no longer his own—without confidence in himself, or reliance on the counsels of others—with nothing left him but the affection of his family, and that *last appeal* which is not denied, even in this world, to those who have meant well, and been unfortunate.

FRENCH NOBLESSE.—It is melancholy to reflect on the conduct of the noblesse at this critical juncture—the interval between forming the two houses; their miserable jealousy, their selfish policy, their narrow views. They forgot that early reformation is an amicable arrangement with a friend in power. Their conduct resembled that of the savage in his canoe, who sleeps upon the stream till the stream becomes a torrent, and he is precipitated to his destruction.

America.—The contest between England and her colonies then came on, and France took the unhappy step of interfering on the American side. But how was an opportunity of humbling her ancient rival to be resisted by the French cabinet or the French nation? The arrival of Franklin at Paris created quite a sensation. The king, however, had scruples—hesitated—and when signing the treaty with the North American colonies, observed to the minister—"You will remember, sir, this is contrary to my opinion." France thus fanned the flame of liberty when it was burning her to the core! Governments who so comport themselves in the midst of their difficulties, seem rather to earn their destruction than to meet with it.

French Revolution.—Some idea should be formed of it by you all, and as soon as possible. You should not go into the world, or long remain in it, without some settled persuasion on this stupendous subject. Its details were so many and momentous, that I began to write rather in despair than in hope; and to sit down to the task, rather because I felt something *ought* to be attempted, than from an idea I could produce any thing to satify myself or you. It was caused, then, by the con-

flict of the new opinions with the old: and the lesson of the Revolution is moderation. Moderation despised by the high-minded, overlooked by the thoughtless, and forgotten by all—and most so when most needed.

FRANCE, IMMEDIATELY PREVIOUS TO THE OPENING OF THE STATES GENERAL.—The king was indecisive; the minister too sanguine; the court bigoted to the old opinions; the *Tiers Etat* unwarrantably attached to the new. France was in a ferment; and to show how ripe every thing was becoming for a revolution, the Bishop of Nantes, having alluded, in a strange discourse he preached about this period, to the "salt tax," the church resounded on all sides with plaudits, as if it had been a theatre!

ROUSSEAU.—Let the reader pause before he visits at all the unhealthy region of French literature. Above all, let no man, in the absence of every thing that can mislead or inflame, surrounded by the softening influences of domestic life, think himself safe when he ventures into the magic circle of Rousseau. In him intelligence and insanity were united —the moralist and the logician—the master of the heart and the advocate of infidelity. His prize de-

clamations against the arts and sciences—his social compact—all were artifice and inconsistencies. He pleased and disgusted; wearied and fascinated; was to be found ever in extremes; at one time exaggerating the necessary evils of our condition, at another losing himself in visions of unattainable perfection.

Burke.—At this period Burke produced his celebrated "Reflections." The appearance of this work was quite an era in political literature. Thirty thousand copies were sold at once. It may be styled an eloquent defence of the old opinions, and a most indignant protest and most powerful indictment preferred against the new.

Rupture between Fox and Burke.—Sad this breaking up of tried and valued friendship! They had fought side by side the battles of liberty; they had together stemmed the torrent of corruption, at a period when the heart is most alive to insult, and most impatient of injustice. Fox afterwards said, that he had learned from Burke every thing he supposed he knew; and Burke, a few hours before he died, that Fox was born to be beloved.

Nothing can exceed the felicity with

which, in a few graphic sentences, sometimes even in a few short words, Mr. Smythe sketches and presents a character to the attention of his auditors.

ANNE had little activity, and no political courage.

BOLINGBROKE is one of the classics of our literature. His letter to Sir William Wyndham is a model of fine writing. The charm of his style is universally acknowledged. His language is always flowing, classical, and perspicuous; and his sentences, whether the subject be grave or trifling, virtuous or objectionable, always approach with airiness and ease, and disappear from the view with grace and elegance.

FLETCHER OF SALTOUN.—Men, the same in kind, though differing in degree of talent, are always to be found in society. Men of high spirit, strong feelings, and deep thought, who, brooding over the wrongs and injuries of their native soil, and warmed and exasperated even to madness by the wretchedness and poverty of the country they love, and the affluence and happiness of the country they hate, are lashed into rebellion by the neglect

of their rulers, and plunge into desperate projects to the accomplishment of which they dedicate every passion of their soul and every principle of their being. Such a man was Fletcher of Saltoun!

Frederick the Great.—A prince whose heart had withered at thirty. Frederick had no qualities but courage and ambition. And these, however good in themselves, cannot reconcile us to a character with which we have no sympathy—a character whose middle and end, foundation and aim, was ever-acting, increasing, predominate, concentrated selfishness. To Maria Theresa a letter runs thus: "My heart"—*for at the time he was writing he thought he had one*—"has no share in the miseries that will follow this measure." His military system was most despotic. His desire of empire insatiable. *He is often great but never amiable.*

Lord North was a man of public ability, the delight of every private society which he honoured with his presence, second to none in conducting the debate, possessed of an inexhaustible fund of pleasantry, and of a temper the last to be ruffled and the first to be appeased.

General Washington.—In viewing the diffi-

culties, the labours, the trials which Washington encountered in forming the constitution of America, we cannot fail to be struck with republicanism—its ridiculous jealousies—its impracticability—its harshness—its coarseness. He drew up a valedictory address, and it is not unworthy of him. He laid it down as impossible that national prosperity could prevail exclusive of national virtue. "He was not," he said a few hours before his dissolution, "afraid to die." Few men have had so few foibles as sets off to their character; still fewer of whom so little can be related to their discredit, after twenty years of command in the cabinet and in the field. Let us reflect what it was to have had the guidance of a revolution—to have had the plaudits of his countrymen continually ringing in his ears—kingdoms for a stage, and monarchs for the puppets of the scene. He led his army to battle with the enthusiasm of a hero, and disbanded them with the calmness of a philosopher. He had a fixed calmness of character which seems fitted to command our admiration, not our love. But for a ruler of mankind he may be considered as a model.

Frederick the First of Prussia was a man

of very ordinary talents. His consort, Charlotte, was a pupil of Leibnitz, and a highly intellectual woman. An anecdote will best illustrate the character of both. "I am going," said the queen on her death-bed; "I am going to understand those things which Leibnitz could never explain to me." "But the king, madam, the king?" "O," said she, "he will be perfectly happy in conducting a royal funeral!"

Reviews.—Observe the loose and declamatory manner in which the reviewer speaks.* It is thus in this world of ours, where praise and censure are at random heard, that over their bottle or in their study, men attempt the lively remark, the brilliant sally, and at hazard decide on questions which require the most patient investigation, and ought to be approached with the utmost delicacy and precision.

Monsieur Bailly was dragged to the guillotine. Science had no reason to be ashamed of her son. "You tremble, Monsieur Bailly," said the executioner. "'Tis the cold," replied the philosopher, and calmly submitted to his fate.

* Edinburgh Review, October 1823. Article on French Memoirs.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.—"No children—no children," was the cry. She conducted them back to the apartment, and stood out on the balcony alone. Her hands clasped upon her bosom—her mien so steady and composed—so dignified yet so resigned, as if she was a woman, and did not brave death: a queen—a daughter of Maria Theresa, and did not fear it!

FLIGHT TO VARENNES.—Such was the position of affairs during the half hour the royal family were at Varennes waiting for the relay of horses. I doubt whether the historian can point out another half hour of such intense interest in the annals of civilized Europe. M. de Beauvilliers soothed her (the queen) by his unaffected sympathy, and by the tears—*he was still young*—which started in his eyes. It was a wretched night which the royal fugitives passed at Varennes; and a miserable journey—an eight day's journey, for the national guard marched before them—from Varennes to Paris. *The queen's hair turned gray in the course of it.* The king left behind him an apology for his flight. He details the situation in which he found himself—the insults he had received—and his reasons for abandoning his post. He was

assisted in drawing up this document by no one but the queen. To this statement the Constituent Assembly published a reply. These two state papers you will of course read attentively. They are in many respects remarkable.

Richelieu cleared away the weeds around the fabric of the French monarchy, but he erected none himself.

Law was* a Scotchman, and certainly possessed abilities of no ordinary cast. It does not follow because his schemes failed, that he intended to deceive. He made in France a frightful experiment how far paper money could be carried. Law's wish was to supersede the precious metals—to make his own paper preferable. His scheme was caught at with incredible avidity. He was followed in the gallery of the Palais Royale by dukes and peers, marshals and bishops! Lord Stair differed about him with his own court, and the result was Lord Stair's recall. The spirit of speculation had made all France run mad. A woman of fashion had her carriage purposely overturned near his house, in the hope that he would come out,

* In the reign of Louis XIV.

and that thus she should become acquainted with him; while a lady of high rank had fire cried under his windows while she was passing, with the same end in view. A poor humpbacked man, who used to frequent the place where the bargains in this stock were made, realized a handsome competency by making his infirmity serve the place of a writing-desk!

LACRETELLE is an author of reputation. He may be depended upon.

D'ARLINCOURT is a gallery of portraits: something appropriate is said on each, and he is dismissed.

MADAME DE MAINTENON.—Read her memoirs and her letters. The latter, though they contain not much that is important and political, are the letters of a woman of taste, and of strong natural powers.

FEDERATION.—The scene of the Federation* was as awful and extensive an exhibition of perjury as the world ever witnessed.

The French church is a splendid superstition; the French constitution a qualified despotism;

* On the Champ de Mars, July 14th, 1790.

the nation itself a people never reflecting, and ever in extremes.

It will now be seen how fast were collecting † the materials of future convulsion, around a court where graces were virtues, and elegance the ambition of all.

In politics, existing circumstances are every thing.

Learn early to discard terms which speak to the ear, and not to the mind.

Nor are his Lectures devoid of keen but quiet satire. In that on the flight to Varennes, speaking of the various circumstances which impeded the royal fugitives' success, he observed—

The queen had a dressing-case, without which she could neither travel nor exist!

Nothing could be more absurd than the conduct of the women about the court. Seated in all the luxurious softness of their boudoirs, what a

* Alluding to the scenes of the 5th and 6th of October, 1789. A complete account of these will be found in "*L'Histoire par les deux amis de la liberté.*" The detail is extended through six chapters.

charming thing, they cried, is a revolution! What a charming thing to be ever in motion; to have constant secret meetings at one's house; to sanction an edict by a smile; to animate a patriot by a gesture!

The Archbishop of Sens was prime minister one year and a half. He employed the period for averting a revolution, in rendering a revolution inevitable!

Courtiers.—Men who are singularly careless auditors of public accounts, and by no means uneasy in the possession of sinecures.

In the revolution there was the love of liberty in every mouth; the love of rule in every heart.

Again: speaking of the disputes between America and the mother country, he quietly observed—

A proper spirit was shown—that is, the breach was made wider!

"This day we dig—the day on which they voted the abolition of all titles—this day," they cried, "we dig the grave of vanity!" It was in vain that poor Abbé Maury observed, that even the

Romans had titles of honour, and yet were free. Incidents of this kind prove how little this sensitive and theatric people, who far better understood fêtes and dances than the nature of liberty, were fitted to undertake so momentous an enterprize as a revolution.

Monsieur de Bailly, when the king was dragged to Paris in the midst of his assassins, on a cold, wet, rainy day, preceded by the heads, placed on pikes, of his own body-guard, amid the shouts and yells of the populace—in the hearing of the monarch, when the king came to the barrier, called it '*a beautiful day!*'

THE DEPUTIES.—With hands lifted up to heaven, after the theatric manner of their nation, they swore* never to adjourn their sittings till they had achieved a constitution. The oath was pronounced by the President; heard out of doors; echoed in the streets; and followed, one cannot easily see why, with shouts of *Vive le Roi!*

There is sound philosophy, as well as a tone of high moral feeling, admirably be-

* June 20th.

fitting his situation, in each of the following observations.

Eloquence should attempt one great object, and entirely succeed, or entirely fail. Eloquence and wisdom are very different things. They are sometimes united, but seldom. A command of language, retentive memory, and glowing conception will make an orator, but not a wise man. Enthusiasm is the soul of the one; deliberating calmness the governing principle of the other.

Men may *mistake* the interests of their country. They cannot engage to be *clever*—but *they can to be honest.*

Servility is not loyalty; nor attachment to liberal sentiments, republicanism.

Practicability should always be considered by him who contemplates reformation. He who proposes a change which can never be carried into execution, does nothing—does worse than nothing; because he makes the very idea of improvement ridiculous.

Clemency becomes a prince. Other qualities become other persons.

The Deity, even in this life, has indissolubly connected the happiness of his creatures with the exercise of their virtues, and the fulfilment of their duties.

The cause of human nature must never be abandoned.

Toleration is the respecting of a fellow-creature's religious opinions, be they what they may, merely because they are his religious opinions.

Men who in early life are accustomed to the petty details of office, never get beyond them. They become familiarized with corruption; their understandings become narrow; their feelings are blunted; and towards the close of life they become the secret or avowed friends of servility, the enemies of all public sentiment, and of all advisers, the worst that a king or a country can listen to.

In legislation, those who are first wrong are most wrong.

To provide for events, is in some measure to controul them. Fame or praise should be the attendants of our actions, not the object.

Violent sallies, such as catch the ear of a popular assembly, are to be avoided by those who mean well.

Woe to the country, where the ministers do not respect popular opinion; but woe to the kingdom—the monarchy at least—where they have no other master!

STATE SYCOPHANTS.—They are the deadliest enemies of the monarch, whom they flatter and pillage: of the people, whom they degrade and oppress.

GOVERNMENT.—The great problem of government is, to make the executive power sufficiently strong to maintain and preserve peace and good order, and yet not so strong as to overthrow the liberties of the people.

LIBEL.—Judges are unfavourable deciders of what is, and what is not, libel. They are accustomed constantly to witness the good effects of the administration of justice,—peace—public order—right of property respected—distinction of rank observed. They cannot see what good can arise from opposing the order of things.

SCOTLAND.—Its law is tedious and expensive; its representation, wretched; and its politicians remarkable for their selfishness and servility.

COLONIES.—The Euthanasia of the connection

between a mother-country and her dependent colonies, must be the interchange of good offices.

Civil Liberty is the first of national blessings. It may sometimes be endangered, not by the strength, but by the very weakness of the executive power. Civil liberty is, of all things, the most frail and perishable: arbitrary rule, the most hardy and indestructible.

Ministers should be men of public views, rather than of private interests. It is most desirable that the king should have a minister about him, not a favourite.

Members of Parliament.—There are many who are mere debaters in parliament, not statesmen.

Parties.—You must have parties, or there will be no freedom of thought—as in Turkey and Persia, where no parties exist.

Literature and Art.—Literature and art flourished under the reign of Louis XIV., and under the reign of Augustus; and it has thence been inferred, that a despotic form of government is favourable to them. Literature and the arts will flourish so long as they are not opposed to the

maxims, civil and religious, of the government under which they appear. The same monarch who could reward the Mantuan Bard, for his panegyric on Marcellus, could banish Ovid to the snows of Thrace, and the deserts of the Euxine, and compel him to confess that his genius had been his ruin!

THE UNEARTHLY TENANTS

OF

DENTON HALL.

"To sum up the doctrine of supernatural appearances in a single sentence—all tradition is in favour of it,—all reason against it."—Dr. Johnson.

At a little distance from Newcastle, on the Carlisle road, close upon the site of the old Roman wall, there stands, on a gentle eminence embowered in trees, a venerable collegiate-looking building, which, though comparatively unknown, possesses many

and powerful claims to attention. It boasts a date, which its time-worn aspect amply confirms, so late, or rather so early as 1505. It is supposed to have been the country-house of the priors of Tynemouth, in days gone by: and certain writings are in existence, which allude to an under-ground communication between the hall and the priory, by which the monks could quit and return to their convent, as business or pleasure demanded, without having their movements exposed to public observance.

In the lower garden, supposed to have been the monks' cemetery—a conclusion which its exuberant fertility corroborates—is found, at intervals, stone coffins, scapulas, and other relics of its former occupiers.

Fastidious as the ghostly fathers are known to have been in their choice of residence, Denton does credit to their judgment. Screened from the cutting blasts of the north and north-east, with a noble ex-

posure to the south, at a very short distance from the high road—a main consideration with those who had so many and stated pompous processions—within an easy distance of the very river which washed the walls of the priory,—a matter of considerable moment at a period when there were few facilities for land-carriage—and looking down upon a lovely landscape, terminated by the groves of Axwell and Gibside, the choice of Denton for a country residence was most eligible and happy.

At this hour, the gray massy walls of the venerable pile contrast finely with the beauty and fertility around it. The east side is covered with ivy, which hangs in thick luxuriance around the porch, and has nearly gained the summit of the building. The south, a noble pear-tree completely covers—describing, in fact, the whole range of the building—in summer one sheet of blossom; in autumn loaded with fruit. Its

U. OF ILL. LIB.

massy trunk is deservedly matter of curiosity and remark. How many generations have enjoyed its produce, cannot now be ascertained. But an old man, who died recently at the neighbouring village, at the age of eighty, declared, that when he was a boy it was considered an old tree, and was as large then as now: he saw little or no difference in its size or stem.

While upon the subject of trees, it is worth while to mention, that when the present occupier of the hall was recently taking up the stumps of two very old fruit trees, he found at the bottom of each a large flat stone, evidently placed for the purpose of preventing the roots from striking downward into the clay, and inducing them to shoot laterally into the light soil. This plan of placing a large flat stone, with a layer or two of earth above it, previous to planting a young fruit tree directly over it, was not long since announced as a great

discovery, a grand improvement in horticulture. Alas! how largely are we indebted to our ancestors! or, rather, how little is there new under the sun!

But to the Hall. If its claims on the admiration of the antiquarian and the artist are powerful, so is there also associated with it much that is calculated to interest the lover of literature. It is most clearly ascertained to have been the residence of the celebrated Mrs. Montague; and, during her life-time, the resort of all the celebrated men of that period, by whom it was her delight to be surrounded. Johnson, and Goldsmith, and Garrick, and Sir Joshua, are all known to have sojourned here. Some of the best letters of the former bear the date of Denton. And in the "Garrick Papers"* there is frequent allusion made to

* These literary treasures contain various letters from Mrs. Montague. Two I subjoin. The first is rather laboured, but exemplifies the bent and talent of the wri-

the array of talent often congregated within its walls.

ter. The second is evidence of the terms of intimacy on which she lived with Garrick.

"*Denton, July* 24, 1770.

"Dear Sir,

"The liberty I am going to take seems to require many apologies; at the same time, I am but too sensible that excuses are but poor alleviations of a fault. There is a certain quality, called by the gods, simplicity—by men foolishness, which sometimes betrays the owner into transgressions for which good-nature finds an excuse when the invention of the offender cannot frame one. Let my folly, therefore, find access to your good nature, and thus gently introduce my story.

"A friend of mine, who has not a foot of land any where but in Parnassus, and there pretends not to more than a copyhold, showed me a comedy of his writing, which I thought, might at least vie with most of the late productions in that way; but I am a very incompetent judge of this matter. All I would beg is, that you would cast your eye over the piece. If you do not approve it, no angry female muse (such as once assailed you) armed with terrors which belong rather to Tisiphone than Melpomene, will rage and foam. My friend is an honest peaceable man; if his play deserves your approbation, it will be a great piece of good fortune to him to have it under your protection, and will at once realize every good wish I can form for him. Whatever you decide upon the subject, I shall know is right and just. I am not, perhaps, a judge

There is a room, too, just the sort, in size and kind, one would fancy the old

what *should* please in comedy, and have not the least guess what will please. The dialogue of this play seemed to me easy and lively, and I thought the poet touched with good-humoured raillery, the fashionable follies of the times, which, in themselves, though perhaps not in their consequences, appear too frivolous for severe satire.

" Great physicians have transmitted to posterity, remedies for those disorders to which human nature is addicted in all ages and climates of the world; but though an Hippocrates and a Galen may have assumed a perpetual authority in cases of consumption, dropsy, and malignant fevers, the humble under-graduate doctor considers some new epidemical cold as his province; and hastens to publish his cure for the influenza, or to offer an antidote to Hyson tea; advertises his balsam of honey when the fogs of November affect the lungs; and as spring advances, brings out his tincture of sage to purify those humours that warm weather causes to ferment.

" To a Plautus, a Terence, or a Molière, it belongs to attack the dropsy of pride, the feverish thirst of avarice, or the melancholy madness of misanthropy. The minor poet aims no higher than to remove some incidental malady, some new disorder with which the town is infected. Even if he can take off those freckles which pollute the pure roses and lilies of youthful beauty, or can soften the wrinkles on the brow of old age; he has his merit and deserves encouragement.

" I wish you may have reason to think my friend deserves a place in some of these humble classes. It is improper,

moralizer to have liked; and which I believe I am warranted in calling "Johnson's

on some accounts, that his name should be known, and therefore, he desired me to send his piece without my petition to you to read it. As I endeavoured to smug a certain essay through the world, you may perhaps suspect me of having a hand in this comedy; but I do assure you by all that is most serious, I have not therein either art or part; I have not invented or corrected, nor knew any thing of it till it was almost finished. The author was to finish it after I came out of town, and I promised to send him a letter to you to send with it, which I did the more readily, as he will remain to you mute and invisible; and, therefore, you will have merely the trouble of casting your eye over the play, and when you have done so, if you will please to send the play with your opinion of it to my house in Hill Street, I shall be more obliged to you than I can express. Any alterations you should desire will certainly be made.

"Upon recollection, I will beg of you not to send your letter in the packet with the play, *but, indeed, to put the letter in the post directed to me at Denton, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne;* for the person may otherwise delay my having your letter if he should not call at my house for his play. I beg my best respects to Mrs. Garrick. I live over again in imagination the charming day I passed at Hampton. May the Muses, *les jeux*, and *les ris*, as usual, keep their court there, and health and pleasure never be absent even for an hour. With most perfect regard, I am dear sir,

"Your most obliged, most obedient humble servant,

"E. Montague."

Room." It is small, but on it the sun shines long and cheerily; before it stretches a merry landscape of field and pasture, wood and water; to the right, some gigantic limes throw up their green broad

No. 2.

"*Wednesday Morning.*

"DEAR SIR,

"I have set all things right with the Veseys; first, because you ordered; secondly, because I am determined no one shall be angry with you but myself.—Are you not a sad deceiver, to give out a comedy, and then put on Melpomene's best buskins, instead of sending forth the Muse in vulgar pattens, singing ballads. Deceived by your treachery, I asked a gentleman who lives at Newington to dine with me to day, and he desired me to ask Mr. Earles. Mrs. Boscawen, hearing good and wise folks were to be here, desired to be of the party; and so I am fixed down to Hill Street, and shall wish myself in Denmark. If you design to appear on the stage next Friday se'nnight, the 19th, pray give me a hint, for, if you do not forbid the banns, I shall ask some great personages to dine here whom I cannot put off; and if I lose seeing you again, I shall be in rage and despair, and as soon as Lord Bellamont's bullet is extracted, I will get it to shoot you. Best compliments to Mrs. Garrick. I am at once, your very angry, and very affectionate, poor deluded,

"But faithful humble servant,

"E. MONTAGUE."

foliage; while in the distance, may be seen a noble fragment of the old Roman wall, with a full-grown tree rising up between the interstices of the stones, and waving as if in mockery over them.

Here, then, Johnson moralized—he who, with such a gigantic grasp of intellect, possessed such a humbling sense of his own weakness—so fully persuaded of the immortality of the soul, and yet cursed with such a dread of death—he who was at once the most subtle philosopher and sincere christian—who possessed such a thrilling sense of the sublimity of nature, and the magnificence of God.

What an animating retrospect must life have afforded him! How little, after a long and laborious career, must he have had to wish unwritten! How much to rejoice over, as possessing a direct and powerful tendency to advance the best interests of mankind!

A most melancholy fact remains behind. On the demise of Mrs. Montague, some large boxes were found filled with letters. She was an indefatigable correspondent: and letters were written in those days for the post—not, as in these, for the press. They were removed *pro tempore* to the attics—were forgotten—and, with an exception or two, which I have seen—*burnt!*

On questioning the female Vandal as to her motives for perpetrating such an atrocity, she replied, "Indeed we found them very useful—very,—for the fires, and such like. And they could na' be very valuable—there were too many of a sort for that!—a vast there were; a vast from one Mr. Reynolds!"

In one point the Hall has lost nothing. Hospitality presides there now as formerly. It is still the abode of intelligence and worth.

One winter's night in 182—, a small

party were gathered around the cheerful hearth, and busied in imagining the *tableau* the old Hall would exhibit, could its former inmates again be assembled and arranged. The Prior and Monks of Tynemouth—and in later times, little Davy Garrick, with his eye of fire—and Sir Joshua, with his trumpet—and the huge, heavy, lethargic frame of Johnson.

"Oh!" said a sprightly fair, "it is not without its visitors. I have heard—" and her eye glanced anxiously around the room, while she strove to assume a look of still higher hilarity—"a good deal of old Barbery. And even you, my dear madam, I am told, have been alarmed beyond measure—and—and—is it not so?—Now do tell me."

"Every old Hall," said our kind hostess, evidently avoiding the subject, "has its tale of mystery and attendant spirits; and

Denton boasts of no exception to the popular prejudice."

"I abhor superstition," said a major's widow, solemnly; "but have my reasons for believing in the re-appearance of the dead."

"For my part," said a noble looking youth who stood by her side, with a laugh and a sneer, evidently intended to provoke the military widow into farther discussion; "I've lived here from childhood, and to this hour never saw any thing more wicked than myself!"

"That may well be," retorted the lady somewhat sarcastically; "still I know, and am sure, that" —

"A ghost story! a ghost story!" was echoed round; and at the word the guests drew closer to the blazing fire; while, after two hems and one ha, she drew up her majestic person to its full height and began: —

"Before I commence my narrative, it is proper you should know the source from which it is derived. Sceptics I know the most of you to be on this subject," said the widow bitterly; "but still Farquhar must be a name familiar to you as standing at one time almost at the very head of medical science; and to his moral character for probity, integrity, and veracity he was even more indebted for his situation in the royal household, than to his professional attainments. From him I heard this story; and I give it as closely as may be in his own words.

"In early life, years previous to his settling in London, Dr. Farquhar made a temporary sojourn at Torquay. While there, he was summoned professionally to Berry Pomeroy. It is a noble ruin, very much dilapidated and worn away by time; but magnificent even in decay, and an object of interest and attraction to every lover of scenery and

antiquity. Here, a massy buttress supports an oak coeval with the castle itself; there, a mouldering turret is clothed with the most luxuriant ivy; while around it sweeps the river proudly as if it exulted in the contrast of the duration of natural objects with the feebleness, and the frailty, and ephemeral existence of the edifices and efforts of man.

"At the time I am speaking of only one part of it was inhabited. Its occupants were the steward and his wife. The latter was seriously ill, and desired the doctor's advice. Previous to seeing his patient, he was shewn into an apartment, where he waited till the sufferer was apprized of his arrival. It was a large, ill proportioned room. Around it ran pannels, richly carved, of dark oak, which from time had assumed the hue of ebony. The only light which it admitted fell through the checquered panes of a gorgeously stained win-

dow, on which the arms of the former lords of Berry Pomeroy were richly emblazoned.

"In one corner to the right of the rude fire-place was a flight of dark oaken steps, forming part of a staircase leading apparently to some chamber above; and on these stairs the fading gleams of summer's twilight shone strongly.

"While Dr. Farquhar wondered, and, if truth be told, chafed at the delay which had been interposed between him and his patient, the door opened, and a female somewhat richly dressed, entered the apartment. He, supposing her to be one of the family, advanced to meet her. Unheeding him, she crossed the room with a hurried step, wringing her hands, and exhibiting in her motions the deepest distress. When she reached the foot of the stairs, she paused for an instant, and then began to ascend them with the same hasty step and agitated demeanour. As she reached the

highest stair the light fell strongly on her features, and displayed a countenance,—youthful indeed and beautiful,—but in which vice and despair strove for mastery. 'If ever human face,' to use Sir Walter's own words, 'exhibited agony and remorse —if ever eye, that index of the soul, pourtrayed anguish uncheered by hope and suffering without interval—if ever features betrayed that within the wearer's bosom there dwelt a hell, the hell of passions that have no room for exercise, and diseases that have no hope of death—those features and that being were then present to me.'

"Before he could make up his mind on the nature of this strange occurrence, he was summoned to the bed-side of his patient. He found the lady so ill as to require his undivided attention, and had no opportunity, and in fact no wish, to ask any questions which bore on a different subject.

"But on the following morning, when he

repeated his visit, and found the sufferer materially better, he communicated what he had witnessed to the husband, and expressed a wish for some explanation.

"'The steward's countenance fell during the physician's narrative, and at its close he mournfully ejaculated, 'My poor wife! My poor wife!'

"'Why how does this relation affect her?'

"'Much—much,' replied the steward vehemently. 'That it should have come to this! I cannot—cannot lose her. You know not,' he continued in a milder tone, 'the strange, sad history; and—and his lordship is extremely averse to any allusion being ever made to the circumstance, or any importance attached to it; but I must and will out with it. The figure then which you saw, is supposed to represent the daughter of a former baron of Berry Pomeroy, who bore a child to her own father. In that chamber above us the fruit of their

incestuous intercourse was strangled by its guilty mother; and whenever death is about to visit the inmates of the castle she is seen wending her way to the scene of her former crimes, with the frenzied gestures you describe. The day my son was drowned she was observed—and now my wife!'

"'I assure you she is better. The most alarming symptoms have given way, and all immediate danger is at an end.'

"'I have lived in and near the castle thirty years,' was the steward's desponding reply, 'and never knew the omen fail.'

"'Arguments on omens are absurd,' said the doctor, rising to take his leave. 'A few days, however, will, I trust, verify my prognostics, and see Mrs. S—— recovered.'

"They parted mutually dissatisfied. The lady died at noon.

"Many years intervened, and brought with them many changes. The doctor rose

rapidly and deservedly into repute, became the favourite physician and even personal friend of the Regent, was created a baronet, and ranked among the highest authorities in the medical world.

"When he was in the full zenith of his professional career, a lady called on him to consult him about her sister, whom she described as sinking, overcome, and heart-broken by a supernatural appearance.

"'I am aware of the apparent absurdity of the detail I am about to give,' the lady began, 'but the case will be unintelligible to you, Sir Walter, without it. While residing at Torquay last summer, we drove over one evening to visit the splendid remains of Berry Pomeroy Castle. The steward was very ill at the time, (he died, in fact, while we were going over the ruin,) and there was some difficulty about getting the keys. While my brother and myself went in search of them, my sister was

left alone for a few moments, in a large room on the ground floor ; and while there —most absurd fancy!—she has persuaded herself she saw a female enter, and pass her in a state of the most indescribable distress. This—spectre I suppose I must call her—horribly alarmed her. Its features and gestures have made an impression, she says, which no time can efface. I am well aware of what you will say, that nothing can possibly be more preposterous. We have tried to rally her out of it, but the more heartily we laugh at her folly, the more agitated and excited does she become. In fact, I fear we have aggravated her disorder by the scorn with which we have treated it. For my own part, I am satisfied her impressions are erroneous, and arise entirely from a depraved state of the bodily organs. We wish, however, for your opinion; and are most anxious you should visit her without delay.

"'Madam, I will make a point of seeing your sister immediately; but it is no delusion. This I think it proper to state most positively, and previous to any interview. I myself saw the same figure, under somewhat similar circumstances, and about the same hour of the day; and I should decidedly oppose any further raillery or incredulity being expressed on the subject in your sister's presence.'

"The dialogue that followed is not material. Sir Walter saw the young lady the next day, and after being under his care for a very short period, she recovered."

"Ah! that's all very well," said one of the youngest of the cavillers, as the widow concluded her story; "but I should like to have had the testimony of the young lady herself. The spectre might be accounted for, like that of Lord Grey and the bloody head, on the principles of hallucination. I should wish to have questioned this very

sensitive damsel; she might have been a somnambulist, or a simpleton."

"On that subject, put what question you will, it shall be answered. I avow myself to be that sensitive lady, or somnambulist, or simpleton," returned the widow, sharply.

"But what," said our good-natured, hospitable host, wishing to break the awkward pause which this reply had created, "what of Lord Grey and the bloody head?"

"Simply this. A summer or two ago Earl Grey came down into Devonshire, and fixed his head-quarters at the government house in Devonport. He was declared to be very much out of health, and was indeed afflicted with a most singular disorder; for continually present to his mind's eye was a bloody head. Go where he would, at home or abroad, in solitude or in society, this very revolting spectacle pursued him. The features rigid in death—the lead-like, lifeless eye—the brow convulsed in agony—

and the neck, from which drops of gore seemed to trickle—these features form no very agreeable portrait. Such, however, as it was, no art could exclude it from the Earl's presence, and it embittered every moment of his life.

"Change of scene was prescribed, and his Lordship came to Devonport; but there his enemy followed him, and confronted him, turn where he would, with its fixed and steady gaze. He then went to Endsleigh Cottage, a beautiful country seat of the Duke of Bedford, near Tavistock. For once he seemed to have distanced his pursuer, and for many days enjoyed the luxury of being *alone*. But to a large dinner party given there, the bloody head came, uninvited, and stationed itself opposite to its old intimate, whom it harassed and disheartened with its presence, till the companionship became unbearable, and the Earl, abruptly and in disorder, quitted the table. All this

the medical men accounted for on physical grounds, and demonstrated clearly enough to his family, that it arose from hallucination."

"That hallucination is a deuced long word," said a smart young sailor, who had listened most attentively to the symptoms of Lord Grey's malady. "I don't think I ever met with it before. Is it confined to the land, think ye, or to be met with afloat as well as ashore? I wonder whether it would explain what I once saw, and a dozen more besides, hour after hour, and night after night?"

"Let us have it by all means," was the general cry.

"You must not expect sentiment or pathos in a sailor's story. Those are matters we never *log*. But if a plain tale, more plainly told, and whose only recommendation is truth, will amuse ye—here goes:—

"We were coming down from London

to Newcastle, in ballast. It was the last voyage I ever made in the 'Eleanor,' and I have reason to remember it well. We had light but favourable breezes; and were running through the water about seven knots an hour, when, in the twilight—I took myself the first watch on deck—I saw standing, apparently within a few paces of me, a female figure.

"Unconscious that we had any woman on board, I advanced, with some surprize, to question her. She turned round as I came up, and exhibited the face of a young girl of eighteen, on whom death had stamped his never-to-be-mistaken features —her bosom covered with wounds, and her throat gashed in a manner too unsightly for description.

"I gazed on her long and intently. In the bright glow of summer's twilight, every feature was visible. Her dark hair floated wildly about her; and her thin

light garments seemed to flutter in the breeze.

"I turned round—walked the deck—rubbed my eyes—endeavoured to persuade myself it was illusion—and again took another look to larboard.

"There she stood—her pale arms crossed upon her bosom—gazing, as I thought, intently upon me: and after an hour, passed in keen and close observation of the figure, I was compelled to come to this conclusion, that I was confronted by a witness from the grave.

"'I will have other testimony to the fact, however,' thought I, as, at the conclusion of my watch, I prepared to go below. 'I will be silent, till the opinion of others confirms my own.'

"I went down and called the mate. He rose and went on deck. I had hardly turned in, when he came rolling down the cabin stairs head foremost. 'O God, sir,'

he said, 'I cannot stay on deck. If a spirit was ever visible to human eye, that of a murdered woman may be seen above us at this very instant.'

"'Absurd! you're dreaming!—I will return with you—follow me.'

"We ascended—he slowly and reluctantly—and, as he reached the deck, he pointed to the phantom, exclaiming, 'There she stands!—O God, it is too horrible!'

"We faced out the watch together. It was a bright and beautiful night. The wind had fallen. The sails flapped sluggishly against the masts. Around us shone the deep and placid sea—its waters blue as the sky itself, with myriads of stars reflected on its surface. It was an awful contrast, to turn from the repose and beauty of nature to that mysterious figure which stood beside us without motion, but apparently watching, with its leaden eye, our slightest movement.

"Our watch ended, we resolved that, without communicating what we had seen to Gorbie Allan, the boldest heart in the ship, we should rouse him, and send him on deck. Gorbie Allan was a Scotchman, of Herculean form and strength—of a very daring disposition, and dauntless courage. He had headed an insurrection among the blacks—was more than suspected of having once sailed with a pirate—acknowledged to have served in a slave-ship—and was viewed by all hands as more akin to devil than man.

"With a hearty curse, Gorbie Allan went on deck. He rolled up the companion stoutly enough. We listened. He walked up and down for a few moments rather irresolutely—but on a sudden we heard a heavy fall on deck—ran up, and found Allan senseless.

"We saw her at intervals during the whole passage. She appeared about twi-

light, and left us before dawn. I never suffered more from anxiety, than on that miserable voyage. The sailors, at all times superstitious, became almost mutinous; and the disasters, and losses, and mischances which, one after another, overtook us, made them view the 'Eleanor' as a doomed ship, and themselves a fated crew.

"We reached port at last; and on heaving out the ballast, we found, deep down in the hold, the corpse of a young girl, with her throat cut from ear to ear.

"Though her death had evidently been compassed by violent means, plunder had not been the object of her assailants. Her dress was costly; her purse contained gold; and on the third and fourth finger of her right hand were two very valuable rings. On a small signet appended to a little French watch, which we found round her neck, was engraved 'Fanny'; and her handkerchief was marked in hair with the

same name. But who she was—how she came by her horrid end—who perpetrated it—who conveyed her with the ballast into our vessel—were facts never ascertained. She lies buried in Tynemouth churchyard, close under the east window of the old ruin—her sole memento, a plain slab, marked with the name of Fanny. Above her the wind sighs wildly through the ruins of the old priory, as if to woo her to repose—the ceaseless roar of the never-silent sea makes moan below—fit resting-place for such an unfortunate!"

The simple, unaffected, ingenuous manner in which the young sailor *spun his yarn*, made a sensible impression on his auditory. A feeling of credulity seemed to gain ground: or, rather, there was an evident inclination to hear and assent—a greater indisposition to doubt and cavil.

This feeling was at its height, when an old lady who had hitherto played that most

important part in a conversation piece,—the part of a patient listener,—looked up from her patch-work and remarked, "We have all heard much of unaccountable appearances, and of sights and sounds strange to mortal eye and ear; but no one has yet alluded to the horrors of a ghostly persecution. I was subject to one. And if it be worth your while to listen to me, these are the facts.

"My father in 97 was receiver of the land-tax for a very large district. I had lost my mother and was the sole survivor of thirteen children. These bitter bereavements had broken my father's spirits, and it was agony to him to be alone. I was his constant companion: and it was an injunction anxiously urged on his part, and implicitly obeyed on mine, that I was, at no time, to be absent twelve hours from home without his express knowledge, and direct permission.

"I was about twenty, when a ball was given at Hatfield House, in honour of the marquis's birthday; and at nine o'clock my father handed my chaperone and myself into the carriage, with an intimation that he had ordered the horses at two. The night was dark and stormy; torrents of rain fell at intervals, and the lightning was frequent and vivid. I was pressed by the marchioness to remain all night, and besought by my partners to abandon my cruel intention of depriving them of the happiness of my hand for the supper dances. It was a struggle, for our road was lonely, and wretchedly out of repair; and the contrast between the light and gaiety within, and the tempest that roared without, was sufficiently disheartening: but I remembered my father, and was firm.

"I reached home with considerable difficulty, and found my father absent, and a note to this effect:—

"'Dear Fanny—There is some apprehension of a riot in the neighbourhood, and the magistrates have required my assistance. Occupy my room to night instead of your own. I will explain my reasons for this request when I return.'

"Fatigued and anxious, I sought with a heavy heart a restless pillow. Aware that government money to a considerable amount had very recently been paid into the colonel's hands, and was at that moment lodged in his escrutoire, I could perfectly comprehend his wish that I should occupy his room. But his personal safety appeared to be in peril, and I listened long and anxiously for the sound of his return. All was still. The storm had lulled; and the wind moaned through the avenue at distant intervals heavily and sullenly like the few last sobbings of an angry child. I examined the escrutoire: it was locked. The large closet which fronted

the fire-place, and which had been rarely opened since my mother's death, was fastened likewise.

"I thought of HIM who has ever promised to aid those who with humility and earnestness seek his throne; and having dropped the night-bolt, had succeeded in composing my mind, and was on the very point of dropping into an uneasy slumber, when I saw, by the flickering light of the dying embers of the fire, the closet door open and a man's figure issue from it.

"Frightened as I was, I had yet power to observe his movements. He went up to the escrutoire, which he examined in a quick hurried manner; gradually approached the bed; stood by it and wrung his hands as if in deep distress; and then, as though he had at length taken, and would abide by, his resolution, drew from his breast a large clasp-knife, and aimed it at my throat.

"Then indeed my fortitude gave way to my fears. I shrieked loudly for aid, and rang the bell vehemently. The housekeeper and her niece, who were sitting up in expectation of my father's return, heard my cries, and came to my assistance. They found the bed-room door as I had left it—bolted: the closet as it had been for months—locked. It was instantly and in my presence broken open. *It was empty.* In no way were its contents deranged or disordered; nor could any trace be discovered of a recent visit to its shelves.

"The whole affair appeared inexplicable.

"It was impossible to keep such a strange occurrence free from comment and exaggeration. The ghost that had appeared at Marwood Hall was the topic of the neighbourhood. The inquiries I had to answer, the relations, corrections, explanations, and repetitions I was obliged to give, were beyond measure annoying.

"I was quizzed—cross-questioned—stared at—asked over and over again by simpering misses if I had ever seen the ghost again, and sneeringly interrogated by their gaping papas if I really believed the appearance supernatural, till it became painful to me to go into society. But I never varied my story. I declared once and always that I had seen a figure issue from the closet and return to it; that this figure used the gestures I described, and threatened my life.

"Even my father, kind and confiding as he was, appeared sometimes shaken by the doubts of those around him. 'Now may it not be possible after all, Fanny, that your anxiety for me, and the excitation consequent on over fatigue, conjured up this phantom? Did you not dream it, love? I would indeed advise—nay urge you gradually to bring yourself to view it

as a creature of the fancy—as altogether matter of illusion.'

"'If I ever saw face and features, or ever understood the mute language of menace, or witnessed one human being resolved on attempting the life of another, it was, father, at that hour; and with this belief will I go to my grave.'

"Thus matters stood for five years; I bearing and braving the laugh, and the sneer, and the incredulous remark of those who were but too happy to torture me with their imaginings on the subject; but invariably refusing to admit there was any mistake on my part, or any possibility of deception.

"At the end of that period, a prisoner under sentence of death in the county gaol, desired to see my father. 'You don't recollect me, sir, I dare say,' was his salutation, as his visiter entered the cell.

"'Not in the least, my man: have we ever met before?'

"'Ah, sir, I'm sadly changed: but still I thought you would not have so totally forgotten one who lived ten years in your service. My name is Robert Southernwood.'

"'What, Southernwood! whose wife nursed my poor boys? I am indeed sorry it should have come to this.'

"'Keep your pity, sir, for them that deserve it; it is wasted on me. But I could not go up the ladder without making a clean breast, and telling you it was I who alarmed the young lady about five years ago; and—don't start, sir, I couldn't harm you if I wished it—intended to have first murdered—curses on me for the thought, and blessings on him, who, bad as I am, has hitherto kept me from the stain of blood.'

"'But how is this? You, Robert, you

whom I ever treated with so much indulgence, and parted with only when repeated warning and remonstrance were of no avail; you plan my death—for what reason?'

"'I did not plan it,' returned the prisoner, with vehemence. 'That was no part of the plot. I knew well that a large sum must be, about that period, in your hands, and needed no one to tell me where to find it. We judged you were busy that night, in putting down the Hertford boys, and thought we might carry off an ample booty in your absence. Every passage, crook, and corner in the old hall, were familiar to me; and my access to the closet easy. What was my agony, on finding *her* whom I had nursed and fondled on my knee a thousand and a thousand times, guarding the spoil; and feeling that her life must be the price of its possession, I tried, but could not, murder her. No: God be

praised, I was kept from that, lost and guilty as I am! Trembling like a child, I returned to the closet. High up, on the left hand side, quite concealed by the old 'squire's portrait, there is a small window which communicates with the leads. By this I entered, and by this I retreated. And now, sir, leave me. My time is running short, and I am not worthy you should waste another word upon me.'

* * * * * *

"There are some daughters here," said the old lady, "and dutiful daughters too. They will be at no loss to understand the thrill of joy I felt, when, on my father relating this interview, he added, with tears in his eyes, 'What—what do I not owe, my dear girl, to your affectionate obedience? For the sum of money was so large, and government so inexorable, that, had you, dear Fanny, proved, for once,

faithless to your promise, I should have been a beggar.'"

With this observation, the party separated for the night. The next morning saw them gathered around the breakfast-table, with, it must be confessed, crest-fallen countenances. Each questioned his neighbour—but in vain. The universal admission seemed to be, that they had thought much—dreamt more—but heard nothing!

THE CONTROVERSIALISTS.

" There is no situation more great and more glorious, than when in the fulness of years and the fulness of honours, you are found defending that church which first taught you to distinguish between good and evil, and breathed into you the elements of religious life. But when you defend that church, defend it with enlarged wisdom, and with the spirit of magnanimity. Be its liberal defender, be its wise patron, be its real friend." SYDNEY SMITH.

" HAST thou never," said the benevolent Reynolds of Bristol, to young Tobias Spark, of Exeter—a very *gay spark* for a Quaker he undoubtedly was—" hast thou never detected the irritating effect which theological asperities produce on the temper? Tell me,

with all thy fondness for polemical disputants, do their works ever improve or instruct thee? Think'st thou there is to a bushel of controversy one grain of truth?"

The old Quaker's query has not unfrequently recurred to me on closing a bitter polemical volume; and mentally agreeing with him, that the effects of controversy are hardening, I have figured to myself the crabbed, sarcastic, wiry features, which the writers of such merciless irony and stinging criticism must possess.

Years and experience have enabled me to correct my mistake. Of some choice controversial spirits of the age, I have had personal opportunities of forming an opinion: its result has been the downfall of my theory.

At the head of living controversialists, I should be tempted to place Marsh, the present Bishop of Peterborough. His "Comparative View of the Churches of

England and Rome;" his "Lectures on the Authenticity and Credibility of the Bible;" his long and elaborate reply to the twaddle of that venerable old lady, Lord Bexley; are models of close reasoning, critical acumen, and cutting irony.

But on looking into his countenance, you search in vain for those marked, deeply indented lines, which acrimony of disposition and splenetic discontent are said to leave behind them. He is a mild, gentle, happy-looking old man, very near-sighted, and somewhat bent with years; but always ready to acknowledge any little attentions that may be paid him, accessible, and easily amused.

Often have I seen him busily employed, and highly interested, in devising plans for rescuing from the encroaches of the Nen, a piece of waste land which lies at the bottom of the palace gardens at Peterborough; and I remember to this hour the cordial, hearty

laugh, with which he greeted the mention of a characteristic trait of Lord Eldon.

A long, strangely worded, and complicated will was disputed by the heir at law, and brought into the Vice Chancellor's court. Sir John Leach, in his off-hand manner, said, "the matter was perfectly clear"—no reasonable doubt could be entertained as to the intention of the testator; and in few words decided that the will was valid. Dissatisfied with Sir John's award, the heir at law removed the suit into the higher courts, and ultimately appealed to the Chancellor.

Lord Eldon gave judgment in a style, even for him, unusually prolix. He began with expressing his "entire dissent from the opinion pronounced by Sir John Leach, that the matter was perfectly clear;" and after occupying two hours and a half in putting the case in every probable and improbable light, and calculating every pos-

sible and impossible contingency, ended by pronouncing for the validity of the will; and affirming, like Sir John, that no reasonable doubt could be entertained as to the intention of the testator. His main object was to "DISPROVE *that the matter was perfectly clear.*"

But to return to the Bishop.

There is something very peculiar in the style of his conversation. It smacks of his favourite studies, and now and then his sentences flow in such close connection with, and strict dependence on each other, that they seem like so many links in the demonstration of a problem.

"By some most extraordinary fatality, Mr. Archdeacon"—he was then addressing Dr. Strong—"our Society* is not called a Bible Society; and this has led many to the erroneous conclusion that we do not

* The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

distribute the Scriptures. Hence a Society which is really and truly the *original* Bible Society of this country, has been considered as no Bible Society at all; and hence, stranger still, its advocates have been represented as adversaries to the distribution of the Bible: as if real Christian knowledge could be promoted where the Bible was withheld!"

There are some rather curious facts, confidently and currently reported by those who are best able to judge of their accuracy, as having preceded his introduction into public life. Two pamphlets, one on the foreign fisheries, and another on the conduct of France rendering the continuance of war imperative on this country, both remarkable for their ingenuity and force, drew upon him the notice of Mr. Perceval, then premier. A pension was assigned the writer by that amiable and enlightened statesman, "till he *could be provided for.*" His

election to the office of Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity in the university of Cambridge occurred soon afterwards, and the ministry—*Mr. Perceval had died in the interim*—abruptly intimated the cessation of his pension.

"But," says the Professor, "I am not provided for. My health may fail, and my ability to continue my lectures cease: hence my resignation of my office would be imperative, and hence its emoluments would determine. Again: I may not be re-elected. I am not therefore provided for; because I am still *without that* which, whether health and intellect be continued to, or taken away from me, would in either case produce me permanent and comfortable support."

This reasoning was not to be evaded. He was soon afterwards nominated Bishop of Llandaff, and thence translated to Peterborough. *It is a scandal to the administra-*

tion that he has been allowed to remain there. If learning, talent, consistency, and character, have any share in elevating a prelate, Marsh ought not to have been overlooked in the numerous translations which the church has lately witnessed. Few prelates have been more constantly resident in their diocese; still fewer who have discharged their episcopal duties with such undeviating impartiality; none who have declined with greater constancy to purchase false and fleeting popularity, by any compromise of their principles as churchmen.

Another veteran in the field of controversy, is the venerable Bishop of Salisbury. An accomplished Hebraist, a rapid and nervous writer, and an unflinching supporter of his own sentiments, his Lordship is a very formidable antagonist to those who have the misfortune to differ from him. It may be questioned whether any writer ever possessed in greater perfection the ability to

analyse, one by one, his opponent's arguments, and place them in a ridiculous light.

This the Rev. Mr. —— (I suppress the name in mercy) will probably be the last to acknowledge. This nameless worthy, a beneficed clergyman in the metropolis, perpetrated some years since a most extraordinary pamphlet, which had for its object nothing less than a formal reconciliation between the Churches of England and Rome. He recommended, as the best method of accomplishing this goodly project, the calling of a general council. By what authority the council was to be assembled, or where it was to meet, or by what regulations its sittings were to be governed, were points far beneath the consideration of such a soaring writer, and which he never stooped to determine.

The drollery of this proposal, originating from a beneficed clergyman of the Church of England, and propounded with great

gravity and earnestness, astounded some, angered many, and amused more.

The bishop deigned a reply to it, in a tract entitled "Popery incapable of Union with a Protestant Church;" in which the London clergyman was most unmercifully handled.

The reconciling scheme was, it seemed, a favourite bantling with its sagacious parent. He was unwilling to resign it without a further struggle, and actually ventured on a second encounter with the bishop. He drew up a supplement, in which he defended his notion with facts, illustrations, and—shade of Locke!—arguments, which would have chafed even thy placid spirit, and made even thee, Philip of Spain, smile!

His glorious absurdities were caught at a glance by his unrelenting antagonist, and most remorselessly lashed in a rejoinder, to which no reply was ever attempted, nor could by possibility be given.

Then, again, the ability, dexterity, ingenuity, and perseverance, with which he has supported his view of the controverted passage, I. John, v. 7. against a host of literary assailants, stamp him, not merely a first-rate disputant, but a disputant of the most dogged and determined kind.

Yet the expression of his countenance, and certainly the character of his life, is benevolence. There is a soft, subdued expression in his eyes, dimmed and faded though they be by incessant study—a mildness if not melancholy in his smile—a kindness and benignity in his address and manner, which annihilate all one's preconceived notions of the fire, and wrath, and bitterness of a sworn polemic.

He is still, for his years, an intense student—deeply versed in, and a devoted admirer of Hebrew—unwearied in his endeavours to promote the study of that language among ecclesiastics generally, and specially

desirous of introducing it among the younger clergy in his own diocese. At Winston, where many of the earlier years of his life were spent, and where his habits of application to his professional studies were most assiduous and uninterrupted, he was known by the name of the "spare clergyman." It was here that his zealous employment of time, and rigorous adherence to a self-imposed system of vegetable diet, had been attended by all but fatal consequences.

Evanson, the secretary to the London Hibernian Society, is understood to be under an engagement to translate for the bishop such German writers, or extracts from their works, as his lordship may find requisite for his own publications. His ardent thirst for knowledge, neither years, nor increasing cares, nor added infirmities have been able to abate. His threatened loss of vision—he neither dreads its occur-

rence, nor shrinks from its contemplation —has never deterred him from his pursuit of information, nor induced him to circumscribe the limits previously laid down of personal acquirements. Energy and activity as strongly characterize him now, as they did seven-and-twenty years ago, when he was examining chaplain in that very diocese of which he is now the spiritual head.

He was but very recently making many and close inquiries about Spanish; and said gaily and cheerily to Canon Bowles, the poet, as he closed a spirited detail of some very recent acquisition, "You will grant, I think, that our nearest approach to the grave should not terminate our desire of improvement."

With mental resources equal to those of the bishop, but possessing greater readiness in availing himself of them, and endued with singular frankness and sincerity of disposition, the Church of England claims

a prominent place for Townsend of Durham, among her controversial writers. Few have more staunchly maintained her claims, at a time when apostacy was preferment; and none have more nobly justified the discernment of their patron. To the late Bishop Barrington belongs the praise of having selected him from the herd of parish curates, and of having bestowed upon him, for the benefit of the *English Church in particular*, and the cause of Christianity IN GENERAL, independence and learned leisure. Ably has he fulfilled that princely prelate's expectations.

His most striking work, written in the short space of six weeks, and containing references to an immense mass of reading, is the "Accusations of History against the Church of Rome." His most useful production is the "Chronology of the Bible." It is not, however, merely on Mr. Townsend's writings that his real friends would

rest his fame. He is one of the most forcible and fearless preachers of which the Church of England has to boast. Gifted with a voice of unusual depth and compass —possessing a delivery, dignified and impressive—commanding, at will, language that arrests your attention, and argument that enchains it, few have ever heard this extraordinary man, without rendering willing homage to his powers.

I have already adverted to his sincerity of character as a man. He carries it with him into the pulpit as a preacher. During the period of the agitation of the Catholic Question, when attachment to Protestant principles was considered to belong exclusively to old women and effete chancellors, he never disguised his view of the dangers with which emancipation was fraught; his intimate acquaintance with, and his well grounded aversion to,—the dangerous doctrines of popery: nor has he at any time

blinked the avowal, in the most uncompromising terms, of the validity of the divine commission of the clergy; or shrunk from combating in the clearest terms, the popular and daily progressing doctrine—that it matters not what may be a man's creed, *provided he be but sincere.*

Conduct so manly could not pass unrecompensed. Those who differed from him the most widely were the first to admire the frankness and fearlessness of his sentiments: and one of the many testimonies to his intrepidity may be found in a letter of the late Mr. Huskisson to one of his political friends. "I have just heard the protestant champion Townsend of Durham; and though there was scarcely a point on which I agreed with him, still such was his sincerity, talent, and earnestness, that I left the church perfectly delighted with him, and yet half angry with myself for being so."

Yet it is neither in the silent perusal of his works in the study, because they exhibit here and there traces of that asperity and bitterness inseparable from controversy —nor in his addresses from the pulpit, which now and then assume the tone of the very high churchman, and are tinged unconsciously with a slight shade of intolerance—that Mr. Townsend's talents can be rightly appreciated. It is in the intercourse of private life that a just estimate is to be formed of his powers, and in the social circle, that his conversational talents find their best and most appropriate arena. Coleridge—Sir Walter Scott—Lord Brougham—Surtees of Mainsforth, himself a splendid talker, and on points of antiquarian research gloriously eloquent—all these have I heard converse more than once, and on topics peculiarly suited to their powers; but Townsend would bear comparison with any one of them. His learning, research,

and acuteness, you may gather from his works. It is in conversation you read his heart—his philanthropy—his sincerity. It was to his rare conversational powers, and the happy and healthful tone of the topics on which they are exercised, that he, in part, owed his intimacy with the late Bishop Barrington; of whom he has drawn so amiable and accurate a portrait,*

* The bishop had none of that apathy, which is too frequently the misfortune of the aged, when they have not devoted their minds to intellectual pursuits. Literary curiosity, the comfort and refreshment of age, was an active principle in him to the last;—and the love of literary novelty, next to devotion and benevolence, his ruling passion.

At eight, the bishop ended the day as he had begun it, by the perusal of devotional books, or by private meditation and prayer. I well remember his telling me, that he considered it to be a part of his duty to God, to devote to him the remaining strength of his intellect, by dedicating to his service those hours in which the faculties of his mind were most active; and for that reason he never gave his restless and sleepless hours, which, at his advanced age were unavoidably numerous, to prayer, and to devotional exercises. He preferred giving up the prime of his day, and the remnant of his intellect to the Almighty; and he sur-

in the preface to the theological works of the first Lord Barrington; an intimacy

rendered *the dross of his time*—such was his own forcible expression,—to inferior subjects, to literary recollections, or to soothing remembrances of the friends he had lost, whose conversation he recollected with pleasure.

At a quarter before ten, the family were summoned to evening prayer. A slight supper was then served, and at eleven, the bishop retired for the night. The pleasantest hours which I passed with my lamented friend, were those which elapsed between the removal of supper, and the entrance of the servant who attended him to his room. He was now ninety years of age, and he had long been accustomed to live in the constant anticipation of death. Every night he composed himself to rest, not expecting to live till the morning. The conversations, therefore, which we were accustomed to hold at this hour, were always grave and serious, though uniformly cheerful. He regarded death as a man of sound judgment and christian principles will do,—without fear and without rapture; with well founded hope, though with undefinable awe, as a punishment decreed by the Almighty, yet, as the introduction to a higher state of happiness than he could possibly experience, (though he possessed every worldly enjoyment,) in this state of his being. Though our conversation was sometimes directed to the literary, or theological publications of the day, or to the actions, demeanour, or conduct, of his more distinguished contemporaries, of whom he related numerous and most interesting anecdotes; yet, the more frequent topics of our conversation were derived from the possible or probable approach of

honourable to both parties, and terminated only by death. The following is the man-

the period when the body should be committed to the ground, and the spirit return to its Maker. He delighted to dwell on these subjects. The questions which appeared to interest him more than any others, were:—whether the soul slept in the grave with the suspension of its faculties till it awoke, with the re-animated body, in the morning of the resurrection,—or whether (as he stedfastly believed) it passed in some mysterious manner into the more manifested presence of God immediately upon the dissolution of the body; the nature of future happiness and future misery; the continuance of the mental habits which are formed in this state, and which constitute, in some manner, our future condition,—the extent of redemption, and the opposite opinions of christians respecting the invisible state. These, and similar considerations were alternately discussed in these calm and silent hours; and he uniformly concluded these discussions, by observing, "I know not, and I care not, what may be the real solution of these questions; I am in the hands of a merciful God, and I resign myself to his will with hope and patience." All our inquiries, indeed, on these subjects, though they may be very interesting, are merely speculative, and are always unsatisfactory. Yet the sight of an old man, full of days, riches, and honours, at the close of a religious and well spent life, patiently expecting his end, abounding in every virtue which can adorn mankind;—in humility, in patience, in kindness, in charity to all,—in serene submission to expected death, in implicit dependence upon the mercy of a God, whom he believed to be his Friend and Father,

ner in which, it is said, his prebendal stall in Durham was conferred on him. It is too characteristic of the Prince Bishop to be entirely incorrect. A vacancy occurred in the chapter, which, of course, it fell to the lot of Dr. Barrington to fill up. Ever mindful of his very advanced age, he judged it possible that the prebend, though vacant and at his disposal, he might not live to give away. Lest he should cause bitter disappointment in a quarter where he was anxious only to confer benefits, he scrupu-

by the atonement, which had been accomplished by the Mediator of the New Testament; the image of such a man can never be obliterated from my memory; and the continued enjoyment of his conversation, till within a few weeks of his death, while the strength of his body was gradually declining, and the intellectual, though not the spiritual powers were decaying; that is, while he was beginning to be more averse to worldly business, and more intent upon devotional exercises, was a privilege, which I cannot too much appreciate, and which may be justly envied by all who can delight in the society of the wise and good; or who would contemplate the triumph of the spirit of man over the weakness of the mind, and the infirmities of the body.

lously abstained from the slightest intimation of his intentions, but gave private directions to his secretary to prepare the necessary instruments, and to use the utmost possible dispatch. When the papers were completed, he summoned his chaplain, and pointing to them, said, "Providence has permitted me to carry into effect my long cherished wish respecting you. Nothing is now wanting for the completion of this business but your signifying your acceptance of the stall."

A complete contrast to the preceding in mind and in manner, in person and in politics, will be found in the late Rector of Stanhope. No man ever had more of the courtier in his composition than Dr. Phillpotts. He is a clerical Chesterfield. And as to his bows—their profundity, *empressement*, and frequency—Sir Charles Grandison must have been his model, and Richardson alone could do them justice! Per-

haps his long and close intercourse with Bishop Barrington, himself a finished gentleman, might have contributed to throw that air of overpowering urbanity into his look and language. Of middle stature, with a keen quick eye, ready comprehension of the views of others, and a rapid response to them, he is a thorough man of business. Study, or care, or ambition, has much and deeply furrowed his countenance; but the pliancy of his person equals the pliancy of his politics! Yet he is an able, keen, and persuasive writer. His powers of close and conclusive reasoning his letter to Mr. Canning will attest; and the ease with which he can qualify, explain, retract, and annul his assertions, let his defence of himself declare! His letters to Charles Butler are now lying before me, clear, acute, forcible, and sarcastic. Alas! alas! that visions of preferment should ever have had power to warp a mind gifted with an intuitive per-

ception of truth, and capable of embodying such noble sentiments.

It is not for a plain man like myself to essay the task of reconciling the opinions avowed by him at different periods of his life: that I leave to more logical heads than mine. But we may surely wonder at certain discrepancies in his conduct, and marvel at the man who one week could go down to Oxford specially for the purpose of voting for Sir Robert Peel's re-election; and the next present, at the head of a large body of the clergy, an address to the Bishop of Durham, thanking his lordship for the manly, able, and unqualified opposition he had given to the Roman Catholic claims, and this with an earnestness and gravity truly edifying to the bystanders.

The rectory-house at Stanhope, with its conservatories, hot-walls, and forcing-houses, was built by him. It is worthy of the splendid benefice to which it is attached.

In the hall is a fine Roman altar, in perfect preservation—the only appendage of which many of his brethren envy him the possession. It was at Stanhope that his letter to Jeffery—the shortest and smartest of all his pamphlets—was written:—the labour, it is affirmed—for he writes rapidly, and without effort—of a very few days.

Apart from his political transgressions, he has received hard measures from the public press.* At Stanhope he preached constantly and earnestly—took his full share of the duty of that populous living—and was ever ready to perform the meanest and more laborious pastoral offices, to the humblest of his flock. This point in his

* The assertion is incorrect, that his elevation to the mitre was the price of his silence on the Catholic Question, and was altogether the suggestion and act of the Duke of Wellington. Years before the Wellington administration came into office his rise was resolved upon. Lord Liverpool, while in power, communicated to him the decision of government, that he should, on the very first convenient opportunity, be placed on the bishop's bench.

character, his opponents have carefully kept out of sight, and most unfairly. He was a zealous, indefatigable, and generous parish priest. That his ambition is boundless, is the assertion of his associates. How he will distinguish himself, time will disclose.* But those who know him, are convinced that he will not be silent in the upper House. He is a fearless and fluent speaker; and can be a formidable and fierce opponent to any adversary whose arguments he may choose to analyse and answer. Those who delight in such a union, will be gladdened by the sight of an active and acute political bishop. It may be doubted whether the Church of England does not require such an one at the present crisis: and such an one, if the mitre be placed on his brow, Dr. Phillpotts will assuredly prove.

"The bishopric" seems fertile in con-

* Written in 1829.—EDITOR.

troversialists. Stand forth, George Stanley Faber, leaning on thy "Difficulties of Romanism"—a work which the world will not willingly let die. Stand forth as thou art seen, sabbath after sabbath, in thy little sanctuary at Long Newton, doing "the work of an evangelist," as one who feels he is amenable to no less a master than the unerring Judge of Heaven and Earth; who neither courts the world's favour, nor fears its frown; but is resolved firmly and unshrinkingly to do his duty, happen what may.

It is not, however, merely as a controversialist, though an able one, that Mr. Faber must be admired and dismissed. His "Sacred Calendar of Prophecy" must not be forgotten in the estimate formed of him as a divine; nor the singular dignity and disinterestedness of his character, in the opinion pronounced on him as a man.

His line of preaching is a counterpart of his character. There is nothing orna-

mental, flimsy, or flashy about it—no tricks to attract attention—no pretence or affectation. It is the simple, honest, faithful exposition of important truths. No unprejudiced man can listen to him without admitting the consciousness of inward worth—without acknowledging that the preacher,—though grave and quiet, is deeply in earnest, and wishes his hearers to be so likewise.

I have hinted at his singular dignity, and disinterestedness of character. He has preserved it at no slight sacrifice.* The late Bishop of Durham collated him to the rectory of Long Newton, and subsequently offered him another living. Faber declined it, on the ground—though he expressed at the same time, in lively terms, his gratitude to the bishop, for remembering him—that

* He has within the last few months been presented by the *present* bishop of Durham, to the mastership of Sherburn Hospital.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

"HIS CONSCIENCE WOULD NOT PERMIT HIM TO BE A PLURALIST." The bishop was at once astonished and offended. I say offended, because there was this peculiarity about the great patron of the North, that he not only thought no one could form a better estimate, than himself, of the talents and usefulness of his brethren—but that he knew what was proper and suitable for each of his clergy, far better than they did themselves. That Faber then should decline a living after HE had, with due deliberation, offered it—when he had fully made up his mind that he *ought* to have it —when he knew far better than himself, whether his conscience was or was not tender—was a symptom of rebellion which his lordship could not overlook. I will not say, for I do not believe, that Faber really suffered in the bishop's estimation. But this much is clear:—stall after stall became vacant; a species of patronage open

to no such objection as that alleged by Faber; but the bishop never troubled him with the offer of preferment again.

This is the last time I shall have occasion to mention this distinguished prelate; and I cannot quit him without placing his memory in a noble light. That he did forgive, and could forget aggressions of no common description, must be fresh in the memory of many. One instance is uppermost in my own.

In the year 1806, the bishop published a charge,* entitled the "Grounds of Sepa-

* The charge contained some very striking passages. The two first I select as proofs of the bishop's discrimination and acuteness; the latter as characteristic of the principle that animated his whole life. "In the important concern of public worship, the Romish church and our dissenters have taken the opposite extremes. The Romanists have oppressed the simplicity of the Gospel under a load of ostentatious pageantry. They have carnalized the ordinances of God, by impure and unauthorized admixtures. Our dissenters, on the contrary, in reforming the reformed, have been led, by their zeal, to simplify and innovate into many indecent and unscriptural habits. They have deprived religious worship of many interesting

ration between the Churches of England and Rome."* It is carefully and judiciously written, and negatives most completely the position many have assumed, that the bishop's intellect was narrow, and his attainments limited. It was assailed by many scribblers of the day, and, amongst others, with singular violence, by a Roman

auxiliaries without adding any thing to its spirit and its truth." . . . . . "How little the Romish church contributes to the cultivation of the original scriptures, is evident from the depressed state of sacred and antient literature in the Romish universities; and from this especially, that *almost the whole labour of editing and illustrating the Greek text of the New Testament, has been confined to members of the Protestant church.*" . . . . . "Be zealous, then, in the discharge of your duty, but be charitable. Charity is certainly not incompatible with the most active zeal against erroneous and defective institutions."

[pp. 8. 17. 21.

* The charge, too, is remarkable for being the foundation of the fortunes of Dr. Phillpotts. Dr. Lingard, the historian, attacked it; and Dr. P., in a masterly manner, replied to him. This brought him under the notice of his diocesan, and finally settled him at Stanhope. "Now that is most ungrateful," said Dr. Lingard, jocularly, as they passed without speaking, in the Strand. "I made his fortune, ungrateful fellow! and yet he won't acknowledge his real patron!"

Catholic named ——. This gentleman fell, towards the close of his life, into circumstances of extreme indigence. By some accident his situation became known to the bishop. "*He is a man of learning, and must be cared for*," was his prompt reply. It was no passing emotion of the moment, easily uttered and as easily forgotten. It was acted upon: for, by the bishop's bounty *(the man whose motives and intellect he had so grossly impugned)* was Mr. —— supported for many years, and buried. The name of his benefactor was concealed from him to the very last; nor did the bishop himself ever intend the circumstance to be known.

Yet he could mark his sense of ingratitude, and more than once evinced the keenness with which he could detect instances where his bounty had been abused. A young artist had painted for him a picture, for which he was liberally paid. He had

no patron but the bishop, who, seeing indications of talent about him, protected and fostered him, till he rose to considerable eminence in his profession. In the zenith of his fame, the prelate reminded him of his early effort, and expressed a wish that the artist would re-touch it, and make a trifling alteration in the fore-ground, which the bishop suggested. The artist assented, and the picture was sent to his house. When finished, it was returned to his lordship, with the inquiry, "if he was satisfied with the alteration?"

"Perfectly, Mr. ——. What am I in your debt?"

"Twenty guineas, my lord."

The original cost of the little landscape was five.

The bishop, without a comment, wrote a cheque for the amount, and handed it in silence to the painter.

"I am much obliged to you, my lord."

"I agree with you, sir, in opinion," replied his lordship, with a bow, which told the painter their intimacy and intercourse were ended.

But I have almost lost sight of Faber and his merits. The little tract which he put forth during the heat of the debates on the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, was quoted with marked approbation in Parliament; and may be viewed as a manual of Protestant objections, *based on scripture*, against the impiety, idolatry, and impurity of the Popish faith. He, and such as he, are the men to fill commanding stations in the Establishment—men who conciliate public respect by their talents, and retain it by their consistency. Those are the men to govern the church, whose life bears out their declaration on entering it, that their object is usefulness, not emolument.

The hour in which the church ceases to possess the affections of the people, wit-

nesses her fall—and that hour is hastened by every sordid act of a sordid minister. The body ought universally to be aware, that "a sort of *anti-pastoral* spirit, singularly characteristic of modern times, continually undermines their best efforts; nor can the enemies of religion more effectually paralyse their labours, than by endeavouring to dislodge them from their last hold—a hold upon the hearts and affections of the people."*

And now, *place aux dames!* Enter, fair antagonist of Andrew Thomson, and caustic author of "*Anglicanus*"—Mrs. Henry Grey. Mrs. Henry Grey is an abstruse mathematician, and an acute controversialist. She looks made of "sterner stuff" than we usually assign to the softer sex. Her hard, cold, blue eye—the rigid contour of her countenance—the ashy, changeless hue of her complexion—the harsh, dull tones of an inflexi-

* Bishop Van Mildert. 1829.

ble voice—are all fitting appendages to a polemic. And a polemic she is of first-rate powers, as Andrew Thomson found to his cost. Heaven aid those—for they need it—who have to oppose her, either in conversation or on paper. I would not wish even —— himself worse than a castigation from that ruthless "Female Bentley," the only literary antagonist, in the whole of Dr. Thomson's fiery career, who made him wince, and cry, "Hold, enough!"

The Letters of Anglicanus, which delighted one half of Edinburgh, and enraged, almost to madness, the other, were written during Mr. Grey's absence in England. On his return from Monkwearmouth, where he had been engaged in opening a new chapel, "the gifted woman" submitted to the gaze of her admiring husband, the manuscript of the Letters of Anglicanus. Struck, as he could not fail to be, with their point, their force, truth, and sarcasm,

he consented to their appearance. The storms that followed defy description. The genius, however, that raised them, bore her husband triumphantly through their vehemence; and holding up the reverend doctor in one hand, and the cause of the Bible Society in the other, she dashed into the bitter billows of controversy, as if she had Noah himself for a pilot.

She is a singular woman to look at, and awful indeed to converse with—being plenished with arguments on every probable and every improbable subject—every possible and impossible topic. Yet, notwithstanding her knowledge of Locke and Des Cartes—her perfect comprehension of abstract ideas—her familiarity with Kant—and the smartness with which she "*recals you to common sense,*" if you fail to express yourself with mathematical preciseness,—notwithstanding all these gifts and graces, let me ever be content to admire her at a

distance, and to crave permission to consider her like snow in Italy, a phenomenon more surprising than agreeable.

Here I ought not to pause. The German School of Divinity—the controversies that have arisen out of it—the two gifted and well-matched disputants that it has brought into collision—Rose, of Cambridge, and Canon Pusey, of Oxford—

> "How happy could I be with either,
> Were t'other dear charmer away."

afford a noble and tempting arena—but I forbear.

The cold, hollow, heartless aspect German theology would give to some of the most cheering doctrines of revelation, has been well and ably exposed. Canon Pusey, indeed, affirms—but I have an unmitigated horror of mysticism, and tender my cordial assent to Dr. Tatham, the friend of Pitt, and the learned President of Magdalen, who, in preaching at Oxford, before the

University, undeterred by the presence of the "Heads," and the frowns of a couple of bishops, poured forth this pious ejaculation, and convulsed the under-graduates while he uttered it:—"The *Jarman* School of Divinity!—I wish, with all my *saul*, that the whole of the *Jarman* Divinity was at the bottom of the *Jarman* Ocean!"

THE COURT OF HANOVER.*

"A king that would not feel his crown too heavy for him, must wear it every day; but if he think it too light, he knoweth not of what metal it is made."—Lord Bacon.

A wanderer, from circumstances with which the reader need not be troubled, the summer of 182– found me domiciled at the Court of Hanover. It was a season when the political intrigues of that miniature state were peculiarly active, and its parties pre-eminently gay. The Duke of Brunswick had just made the notable discovery

* This, and two other papers thus marked, have appeared in a popular periodical, while this volume has been passing through the press.—Ed.

that he had received injuries from his relative, the King of Hanover, which called for inquiry and reparation. This was a powerful stimulus to the *first*. The Princess Augusta, accompanied by Lady Mary Taylor, arrived on a visit to her brother, the Duke of Cambridge,—an event amply sufficient to give an additional impulse to the *second*.

People, however, differed sadly in their estimate of the importance of these events. The ladies viewed as an occurrence of the weightiest concernment the visit of the British princess; the gentlemen, the demonstrations of hostility by the German duke. Major Muller, the governor-general's aid-de-camp, military secretary, confidant, and comptroller, sighed and looked graver than even Germans generally do; he whistled; and his diplomatic cast of countenance assumed a still more severe and portentous expression when the me-

naces of the incensed Brunswicker were alluded to; while the beautiful Baroness Leinsengen dismissed her smiles, and dropped her laughing, dark blue eyes, and screwed up her mirthful mouth into something like an air of awe-stricken solemnity, when the queenly bearing of the princess was discussed, and the dignified yet distancing and distracting curtsy of her lady in waiting. But on one point all agreed, that gaiety should be the order of the day: and it was so: for what with reviews in the morning, and balls at night, cabinet councils and court dinners, concerts and conversaziones, every head was in a whirl; and the little Court, with every appendage thereunto belonging, appeared beside itself.

But beyond and besides all this, Hanover then possessed for me an attraction, which kept me spell-bound to its territory, in the person of the fair girl of Devon—Harriette W—te.

Her mother and two brothers accompanied her. What could be the object of the old lady's visiting Hanover, puzzled the most knowing ones about court to decide.

Harriette's beauty and fortune would have commanded a splendid match for her in her own country. "*Mamma*," well as she wore, deeply as she rouged, ably as she played her rubber, and wittily as she talked over it—could scarcely be suspected of designing to take a second lord to her bosom! And her sons, skilfully as she manœuvred the duke, she could hardly calculate on getting *both* into the Hanoverian service! But whatever was her object, she won her way into the court circle, and retained her place there. And though, at times, the amiable and gentle duchess noticed, with something like an air of quiet surprise, the predilection which the duke evinced for the gay widow's so-

ciety, and the hearty laugh with which he greeted her repartees, she nevertheless maintained to the last her position as a "woman of irreproachable character," and an "acquisition to the court."

After all, the hold which she seemed to have upon his Royal Highness's regard, might be attributed to the manner in which she had conciliated the affection of Prince George. Cold and phlegmatic, as some who were once about the Duke of Cambridge, have represented him, he is ardent and enthusiastic to a degree, about the minutest trifle that concerns his son.

Prince George of Cambridge was, about the period I refer to, a pale, grave, delicate-looking boy, thoughtful and intelligent beyond his years, and without any pretensions to the light and buoyant spirits of his royal namesake and cousin of Cumberland. He seemed to inherit the delicate and diminutive features of his mother, though

there was a striking similarity, in the upper part of his face, to his uncle, the late Duke of York; while again, in the expression and play of his mouth, a close resemblance might be traced to the late King. Devotedly attached to him, as the duke undoubtedly was, his affection did not blind him to his son's true interests and real happiness. "Impress upon him," were the duke's instructions to the prince's tutor, Mr. Harvey, "the keenest and quickest sense of honour. Give him an inherent and unalterable love of TRUTH; and teach him not only that a lie is *criminal*, but in the highest degree BASE and CONTEMPTIBLE."

These lessons have not been thrown away. And if candour and frankness in the boy sometimes designate the character of the man, England may have much to hope from her future sovereign, should he ever sway, jointly with his cousin Victoria, the British sceptre.

Playing one day alone with the young Count L——, in the principal drawing-room of the palace, they heedlessly upset and destroyed a very costly piece of *bijouterie*, which the Duchess had expressly charged them neither to touch nor approach. On her return, her Royal Highness discovered the accident, and demanded how it had happened.

"I," said Prince George, stepping boldly forward, "I did it, Mama." On being subsequently asked why he had taken the entire blame on himself, when his companion was equally implicated, he replied, "Because I was the eldest, and ought to be punished most; and because," he added, "I looked in L—'s face, and thought he was about to deny it, and to say what was not true!"

To the Duchess, should the Prince ever be the joint sovereign of this country, the British nation will owe a deep debt of gra-

titude. She has been unremitting in her endeavours to impress him with—the best security for a people's happiness—a keen and high sense of religious principle. The Duchess of Cambridge is little known by the English nation. Her visits to this country have been few and brief; and apart from her being many years younger than the duke, a fair and pretty-looking woman, few particulars have transpired respecting her. Boundless popularity has been in countless instances worse bestowed. To great correctness of manner, a strict and studied demeanour, disinclination from politics, and devoted attention to the duke's comfort and happiness—her Royal Highness has added the most sedulous, minute, and unvarying attention to the moral progress of her children.

Religious feelings were early awakened by her in the mind of her son. Some of his questions were more easily asked than

answered; and the quickness and bluntness with which they were put, remind one of his royal grandfather, the good old King, as he is still affectionately termed by a grateful nation.

The prince had been listening to his mother's description of the dwelling-place of God—heaven; and of the splendour and brightness which surround his seat. "Mama," said he, looking towards the west, where the sun was sinking, surrounded by all his robes of gorgeous brilliancy, and glowing in all the matchless hues of a summer's sunset: "Mama, God is *not* invisible; for I see him now!"

At another time, when death had been alluded to, and the final resurrection which awaits the just, and the resumption, though in a glorified form, of our mortal bodies—"But you told me, yesterday, sir, that they will decay, and moulder, and become dust;

and how," he inquired, "will God put them together again?"

"That is more than I can explain to you. It *will* be done; but I know not how."

"You don't? What!" says he, with great quickness, "doesn't the Bible tell you? I thought that was God's book, and told you all and every thing He did."

And he seemed disconcerted and disappointed, and for some time to debate the point in his own mind, as if he was endeavouring to solve by its workings what had puzzled so many wiser heads than his own to define.

* * * * * *

Winter came on, and the princess departed. Mrs. W. returned a *widow* into Devonshire; her two sons accompanied her, alas! as *civilians*. I was driven by the rheumatism to Spa; and Harriette—oh! most lame and impotent conclusion! became the wife of a country attorney.

WITHERSFIELD OF TRINITY HALL.*

"There are four great cyphers in the world: he that is lame among dancers, dumb among lawyers, dull among scholiers, and rude amongst courtiers."—Bishop Earle.

In the old gray court, on the right of the master's lodge, not far from the rooms occupied by Ebden, that merriest, though not the mildest of tutors, lived, in the year 182—, Withersfield, of Trinity Hall. He was a short, fat, thick-set man, with a round red face, fond of grog, but very averse to Greek—a naval gentleman, disguised in academicals; and as he rode along Trumpington-street, in his full, flowing, fellow-

commoner's gown, with the same step and stagger with which he would have paced his own quarter-deck, was a spectacle which has been known to relax the iron muscles even of Professor Scholefield himself.

But if his appearance was droll, much more were his address and dialogue. He had served many years in the navy; and having (to use his own expressions) "thrice fought a ship, was now *about to work a church!* No chance of promotion, now "our *best friend* is deposed! My father will have a vacant living very shortly; and I"—he sighed deeply—"must fill it!"—So thus he concluded, to the utter amazement of the resident fellow, "I've brought myself up in smooth water; and here I am, like a young bear, with all my troubles before me!"

Never was there a neophyte more sadly perplexed. When in his cap and gown, he always seemed doubtful of his own iden-

tity. Moreover, he was perpetually puzzled between his clerical prospects and his nautical retrospects. "Wind westerly! This day nine years, I was wrecked off Ushant. By-the-way, have you heard that the Bishop of Peterborough has issued a fresh code of signals—psha!—questions I mean? How on earth I'm to answer!—Mind your weather-helm, madam!" he exclaimed, as the gigantic Mrs. Battle transfixed him with the point of a huge umbrella. "You should have shortened sail in this squally weather," was his gruff observation, as he with difficulty disengaged himself from her drapery and apologies.

Etiquette required that he should be introduced by the tutor to some man of his own college. Mr. C—— C——, one of the "exclusives," was fixed upon. "Ha! I knew something of one of your family—old Billy Blue."* Mr. C—— C——'s

* The late Hon. Admiral Cornwallis.

complexion bore considerable affinity to his noble relative's nick-name at that particular instant. "Old Billy Blue! Ah! he was not one of your psalm-singing beggars, with his hair as straight as a die. No, no! he knew what was a midshipman's duty—and more he never required. Not like your saintly skippers of modern days, who, while they give their orders, turn up their eyes like a lady in love, and—expect impossibilities."

"You should endeavour, sir," was the sage advice of the professor of civil law, "to give your mind an academical turn, while resident in this our university." But in vain. He convulsed the by-standers, by the most pertinacious adherence to his professional phraseology. He persisted in maintaining, before a horrified assembly of the "most serious young men," that Mr. Irving's action in the pulpit reminded him "of a ship's course working to windward;"

and averred that Professor ——, while delivering his lectures, resembled a "stormy petrel on the look-out for squalls."

"Withersfield," said the gay Sir Charles ——, as he rushed into his room one morning, breathless and undressed—"Withersfield, shut your doors; the bailiffs are after me, and what can I do?" "Do? stand out to wind with every stitch you can crack. But stay, have a glass of grog before you start. Easy, easy. Why you bellow like a bunch of boatswains!"

I feel some difficulty in stating whether it was during a college examination in Trinity Hall, or a criminal one before the Vice-Chancellor, that Mr. Withersfield's parts shone forth with the greatest brilliancy. The examination papers are generally printed. This year they consisted of questions on one of the Gospels in the Greek Testament, and on, I think, the Κυρουπαιδεια of Xenophon. "Do you find

any difficulty, Mr. Withersfield?" said the examining fellow, kindly, observing he had been poring over his papers for an hour in evident perplexity. "I shall be happy to give any explanation, or remove any obstacle that—"

"I'm quite at sea, sir, without my sailing orders," was Withersfield's mournful reply. At one he folded up his papers with his characteristic composure, and placed them in the tutor's hands. Their contents were a simple

"Mem:—May 20th, 182—, 1 P. M. Wind westerly—dead calm.—Pored for three hours over my printed instructions—as incomprehensible as Lord Gambier's speeches. Never could understand but one chapter in the New Testament—the twenty-seventh of Acts—that not called for. *As to Mr. Cyrus, 'tis all* BABBLE!

"R. W."

There had been a trumpery row in the university, which, magnified by malice, was brought under the cognizance of the Vice-Chancellor. Withersfield was present; the only individual, in fact, of the party, who was sober. His evidence was material, and both parties pressed for it proportionably.

"I'll show the old lady a bit of traverse sailing," said Withersfield; and he *mystified* accordingly.

"But what was the origin of the fray?—who struck the first blow?" asked Mr. Vice, and asked in vain. At length the Vice drew a long breath, and began:—"Mr. Withersfield, you were present at the commencement of this dreadful outrage—you were an eye-witness of the whole of this flagrant proceeding—now, Mr. Withersfield, on your honour,"—these words were repeated with the most appalling solemnity, —"on your honour, Mr. Withersfield, what was the first thing you saw?"

"Mr. Vice-Chancellor," replied Withersfield, with an elongated visage, a mock solemnity of utterance, and a pause between each word, that gave the most farcical air to the whole proceeding, "there's no working to windward of truth:—the—first—thing—I—saw—was—Mr. Augustus Fitzclarence canting his ballast."

Yet his stories were, to the full, as memorable as his sayings. He had an inexhaustible store relative to Lord Collingwood, with whom he had sailed, and his dog Bounce, which he used to detail, to the huge delight of a large, laughter-loving audience. One morceau I must here find room for, the shortest, not the best. A Jemmy Jessamy of a midshipman waited on his lordship to solicit a lieutenancy. The admiral, fixing his penetrating eye on him, surveyed him in silence for a minute, and then observed, "That would be sporting with men's lives, indeed! Sir, I would

not trust you with a boat in a trout-stream!"

I lost sight of him for some years. At length we met again at —— Palace, he for institution, I for examination. It was one of our rainy, chilly summers, and the bishop, a thin, spare man, whom hard study and sedentary habits had evidently enervated, shrank from the inclemency of the season. "The morning is cold, the wind must be easterly."

"No, my lord, not since this day week," said Withersfield. "It was southerly at six; then veered a point or two to the *norrard;* and is now due north."

"Indeed!" said the bishop, who was evidently surprised at this lengthy reply, and by no means up to his man. Then addressing his secretary, who waited for his signature, he inquired, "Is it the first or second of June, Mr. Porteus?"

"The first, my lord—the glorious first

of June– Howe's victory, my lord. How I should like to have another lick at those ——." The bishop stared, and turned to his secretary, who reflected his lordship's look of wonder with one of the most unqualified bewilderment. "Hem!—hem!—my lord, I beg pardon."

* * * * * *

Alas! where is the contented man?—Withersfield affirmed his forte was the pathetic—a line he never ventured upon, save and except when he was "a sheet or two in the wind."

I resemble my near neighbour Lord Rolle. I never affect the hearts of my hearers, till I am on the point of closing my third bottle. His lordship then has a fund of pathos—so have I.—Listen:—

THE PERILS

OF THE

PREVENTIVE SERVICE.

"Come on, Sir; here's the place: stand still:—how fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!"—SHAKSPEARE.

"LEAN on my arm, sir—allow me to assist you," officiously repeated the waiter at "Wright's Ship Hotel," as late on a Saturday evening I arrived at Dover, and descended at a door most hospitable to all travellers—*who pay.*

"Dover—Dover," I repeated to myself; is there not some spot—some relic endeared from reminiscences of the past, to be viewed

at Dover?" and musingly I paused at the craving portals. Before me was a dirty coal-quay, where lounged some half dozen drowsy porters, and beside which sprang a grove of masts. At a little distance, the post office, girt about with an impatient throng, afforded a scene always diversified, and sometimes amusing. Around me was a crowd of dirty boys, where many a voice was echoing "Shakspeare's cliff—the way to Shakspeare's cliff, sir?" but not a lip uttered, "Would you see Churchill's tomb?" "Shakspeare's cliff and Churchill's tomb! At any rate here are two objects on which to play the Englishman—but to-night —no, not to-night—too late—to-morrow with the dawn!"

To-morrow came—breakfast was finished —the usual turns were taken up and down the room which travellers always take, or should take, and after the accustomed stare from the window on the aforesaid coal-quay,

which now enjoyed a state of repose and cleanliness—repose, from the day being Sunday, and cleanliness, from a heavy fall of snow—I sallied forth. By dint of repeated and persevering inquiries, I learnt at length from a bystander, that the churchyard, containing the object of my pilgrimage, was situated behind the market-place.

Leaving, as I was directed, "Dismal Court" on my right hand, and a large dung-hill on my left, I discovered, a few steps in advance, an ill constructed door. Thanks to its ruinous condition, I peeped through; and to my no small satisfaction beheld those little tumuli which mark the last resting-place of mortal man.

I gazed—long and ardently gazed—on those sad and inanimate moralists, and then drawing back, as I eyed the place once more, exclaimed—

"Farewell ye gilded follies! pleasing troubles;
Farewell ye honour'd rags, ye glorious bubbles;

Fame's but a hollow echo, gold pure clay,
Honour the darling but of one short day;
Beauty, the eyes' idol, but a damask'd skin,
State, but a golden prison to live in,
And torture free-born minds.
Fame, honour, beauty, state, train, blood, and birth,
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

SIR H. WOTTON.

In an instant the wall was scaled. I am right: this must be the churchyard where reposes the leading poet of the age in which he lived. Here, then, the bones of the poor curate are mouldering in their native soil, and he, before whose satire the many had trembled, and beneath whose lash Hogarth himself had writhed, is left "to dumb forgetfulness a prey," in a spot so obscure, that even in a little sea-coast town it is a matter of difficulty to discover it. Shame —shame on those who affect to uphold the literature of their country, to suffer such a Juvenal as he who wrote the Rosciad thus to be forgotten! Surely there was something wrong in his life and actions—un-

questionably he must have committed some outrage against the customs of his country —are the remarks of the stranger. No: he was a poet who enlisted himself on the side of civil and religious liberty—who drew the sharpest arrow in wit's quiver against tyranny and oppression. He was the friend of Wilkes: "and Wilkes"—"was in the Opposition! Now dost thou understand?" Alas! that word resolved it all.

Leaping quickly from the wall into the cemetery, where the numerous graves were indicated by the rising hillocks of snow, I waded towards the quarter where I had been informed the remains of the satirist were interred. A tablet caught my eye. To this I of course made my way, as I doubted not that so poor a mark of respect would have been paid to him. I was deceived. Eagerly I brushed away the snow from every headstone, and as often found recorded the virtues of some deceased

grocer, tallow-chandler, or baker, who had lived and died an angel in the estimation of "his numerous family and afflicted friends."

Each thing that might be called a tomb I examined, but unsuccessfully. I then wandered up and down among the humbler heaps, repeating the direction which had been given to me—"near the farther end on the right hand side." Still it was not to be found. I paused. Perhaps my friendly guide had been mistaken; perhaps this was not the burial place to which he had alluded. I was about to turn away, when my eye fell upon the following simple line—

"LIFE TO THE LAST ENJOY'D—HERE CHURCHILL LIES!"

This was it. Lowly among the lowliest was the burrow containing relics so precious, headed by no other memorial than the date of his death and the words above quoted.* Sad were the musings which

* Taken from one of his own poems—"The Apology."

occupied my mind during the twenty minutes spent in contemplating the object before me. Nor were my thoughts solely given to Churchill. Beside this little heap Byron had meditated and improvised. Here passed that touching colloquy between himself and the old sexton, "the gardener of that ground." Who can express the feelings that must have striven for mastery in the bosom of Byron, while contemplating the last earthly resting-place of a kindred spirit? "Where shall I repose when once this struggling scene be past? When, and under what circumstances, shall I throw off this mortal coil? What portion of this world's repute shall I have obtained—good or bad? What boots it? Yet, standing by the neglected grave of such a famous poet, I can scarce forbear to ask myself whether the goal be worthy of the race—whether it would not be wisdom to strive to become

happy rather than famous—useful, rather than great?"

Lastly, who would not turn away, as I did, with moistened eye-lid, exclaiming, "In vain has party faction left thee to obscurity and neglect. Vain are the envious attempts to shroud thy name; for while hearts are left to seek out this poor spot, and hands are found to plant, even though unsuccessfully, the laurel beside thy mound, thy last and earliest wishes will be gratified, and verily they are."*

I know not whether there be aught peculiarly morbid in my temperament, but I have, like "Old Mortality," a love for churchyards in general, and the feelings which they call up. No moral lesson is equal to that which is read to us by the

* A wish to this effect is expressed in "The Apology;" and I was informed that an attempt had been made to realize it, by a Mr. Arthur Brooke, of Canterbury. This endeavour, though highly creditable to the parties, failed. The laurels would not grow in so poor a soil.

silent grave. Passionless and inanimate, it can have no interest to serve—but I forget, my business is to relate, not moralize.

I was retiring slowly where I had entered, casting a casual glance at the "thick deaths of half a century," when a venerable, but blackened ruin, at the farther end of the cemetery attracted my attention. Altering my course, I moved towards it, giving a loose conjecture as to the purposes and date of its erection; when I saw beneath one of its walls, in the corner of the ground, a female form, kneeling by a grave; her dark habiliments of woe and mourning affording the strongest contrast to the newly fallen snow.

The luxury of grief has not been altogether unknown to me in this our pilgrimage of sorrow; neither have I been quite without experience of that jealous sensation which comes over us, when intruded on by the unwelcome presence of a stranger. I

therefore stopped my career, and hesitated as to whether I should retreat altogether, or wait and see the result.

Dear woman stands not alone in the matter of curiosity, and in my case it prevailed. Ten minutes wearily stole away, but no motion was to be observed in the form of the mourner, and an additional space of time of the like duration might in all probability have followed to the same purpose, had I not risen, and with some alarm warily approached the spot. She appeared lifeless: in an instant I was at her side. Her rank was evidently that of the upper order; her dress, the deepest mourning, devoid of ornament. Two fair and tiny hands, clasped as if in supplication, contained a lock of hair; the muscles of the arm had fallen relaxed upon the snow, and were rigid with cold: while dark tresses, straying in wild confusion, shaded her perfect, but colourless features.

It was a bitter day, and without the loss of another second I loosened my cloak from my neck, and swathing her fragile form within its ample folds, pressed my lovely burthen to my bosom, to restore, if not yet too late, some of that vital warmth which exposure had chilled.

Casting around me an anxious glance, partly with the design of seeing if any aid were near, and partly in hesitation as to what course I should adopt, my eye fell on a tombstone at whose base we now were. The inscription ran thus :—

"*Sacred to the memory of Lieutenant Frederick Walden, of the Coast Guard Blockade.*"

"Fighting" and "glory" were the only words which I had recognized in addition, when my attention was arrested by the sound of voices on the left.

"Here she is—here is my poor Caroline" —cried an aged and lady-like female, mak-

ing towards us with haste and agitation, followed by two servants and a gentleman. "She's dead!—my daughter's dead!" she added, with frantic eagerness, as she gazed on her pale features; and throwing her arms around the insensible sufferer, the mother wept aloud.

Such violent grief was not to be of long endurance: restoratives were administered, and with success. The youthful mourner gradually unclosed her eyelids, and spoke; but in her glance, and still more plainly in her language, was evinced that most humiliating of human woes—the aberration of the immortal mind.

"Frederick told me he would come—yet—no—it cannot be—I saw him—yes I saw him die."

A convulsive shudder seemed to pass over her—the lips quivered—and her eyelids once more shut out the light from eyes, the wildness of whose beauty gave the beholder pain.

"To the carriage," cried the elder lady, speaking rapidly; "bear her quick as thought. Mr. Morrison," turning to the gentleman who accompanied her, "thank this stranger for me; I am unable to do so as I wish; and prevail on him to let us see him at Woodlands. I leave him in your care." She curtsied and departed.

Turning, I found myself alone with the gentleman to whose attentions I had been commended.

"You appear ignorant of her story, Sir," he observed to me as, while standing at the entrance of the cemetery, we followed with our eyes the retreating carriage.

"Your conjecture is correct: I am merely a wanderer and a traveller. They set me down last night at the Ship Hotel. This morning I strolled forth to look at Churchill's grave and Shakspeare's Cliff. Thus far had I proceeded when, as I before

remarked, I found that lady lying on the grave of ——"

"Frederick Walden," said he, closing the sentence. "Poor Frederick!" he continued; "a dear—an intimate friend of mine. 'Tis a sad tale—your looks, Sir, express your wish to hear it; and if you will accept my poor services as guide to the cliff your wishes shall be gratified."

I bowed in acquiescence, accepted his proffered arm, and we walked forward.

It is little more than a year—nay, not so much—it was but last spring that I became acquainted with the deceased. He had just been appointed to the station of R——, which, as you know, is one of the posts of the coast blockade; at which billet —it is within a short distance of us—he was to remain eighteen months for the completion of his time. At this period I was in daily expectation of being super-

seded, my three years having just expired. As, however, is frequently the case, a delay of six months took place; and the frequent intercourse which our duty occasioned, for my station was only a mile distant from his own, naturally established that friendship and regard of which I have spoken. But to my story.

Caroline Massingberd was the only daughter of the vicar of R——. Her father's church is situated close to the sea. Walden attended it. Circumstances, too trivial to mention here, brought about an intimacy, and eventually, with the sanction of her parents, an engagement. Joyfully did the young couple look forward to the expiration of the time when he was to retire on half-pay, and enter on the new existence of a married state.

It was some two months after this last arrangement had taken place between them, that we obtained information from Calais

of a boat being about to run a cargo in our neighbourhood. She was lying all ready with her contraband booty on board in the little harbour of that port, and waited only for a dark night and a favourable breeze.

Day after day did we order our men to keep the sharpest possible look out; and as often as we met as anxiously did we scan the weather—but in vain. It was fine as a cloudless sky and breathless atmosphere could make it: at last, however, came a dull, cold, gray morning.

"Morrison, my boy, I give you joy: here we have it. Before this time to-morrow the lugger and her tubs will be ours. She sails, I'll be sworn, to-night. The wind's straight up channel—fair for her to lay over and for us to chase. It's high tide at eleven to night—no moon. What'll be our share of the prize? How many ankers of brandy did that fellow say?"

"Eh?—what?—what are you talking about?" I cried, waking up at his voice. "You haven't taken the prize without me surely? Nay, that's a breach of faith."

"Ha! ha! ha! faith, Morrison, that's good! Leave your dreams in your crib there, and turn out. It's a famous hazy, misty morning, with a stiff breeze right up channel. The night will be dark, depend on it."

It needed little more to rouse me effectually, and in a few minutes we were busy planning the projected interception of the smuggler. The largest boats of our respective stations were drawn down to the sea ready for launching; and the necessary arms, provisions, &c. were placed in due order to be handed in at a moment's notice.

Wearily the day stole away; and as Walden had predicted, there was towards evening every appearance of a dark night. Not a sail had passed in sight of the look

out, and at night we were to launch forth our boats in search of danger and of death. Caroline Massingberd had, much to Walden's annoyance, become acquainted with the expected arrival of the contraband boat, and fearfully had she watched each coming moon, while every successive moonlit evening that appeared was hailed as a reprieve from some impending evil. The dreary night at length drew on, and in a note sent to Walden immediately after breakfast she expressed her gloomy forebodings and anxious wish that he would see her in the evening previous to starting. He dined with me; and often did I remark an expression of sadness stealing over his face like a cloud drifting over a harvest field; passing rapidly, it left the surface behind illumined with its former sun—true—but the glow at each succession was less vivid than before.

At the close of the meal he rose hastily, and hurried away to Woodlands.

"How rejoiced I am to see you," was Caroline's welcome on his arrival.

"You see I am all equipped," he returned, "in expectation of the lugger's approach. Come let us walk to the sea."

"And must you positively set off to-night? Cannot this perilous service proceed without you? Would to heaven you were already free from it! An indefinable —an unaccountable dread—but I ought not —nay, I will not—attempt to seduce you from your duty. But, dearest Frederick, do take every care consistent with your honour."

"Believe me, Caroline, I will," he replied, "if only for my own sake; but when that of yourself is taken into consideration, I need not say my motives for such precautions are doubled. Consider how often through the course of my professional life, I

have had to hazard the result of such dangers for a comparatively trifling stake, and shall I now shrink from this? the successful termination of which would add so greatly to our future comfort? Be resigned, dearest girl; your forebodings are merely such as are natural. My fate, like that of other mortals, is in the hands of surpassing wisdom, and I shall return as oft heretofore to retire from peril and hardship to your own soft sunny smile. And now, dearest, the night wears – farewell."

Having made the final arrangements, we proceeded to our boats, each of which contained eight men independent of the officer and coxswain. We had agreed to steer straight for the middle of the channel until we arrived at the verge of our cruising distance. But during the whole of our course thither the boats were not to be farther than half a mile apart, thus running in two parallel lines. The weather-boat was

to keep a look out to windward; the lee boat to leeward; the one observing a sail first was to hail the other; and in case of not being heard, a light was to be hoisted at the boat's mast head. Each man was furnished with a cutlas and a brace of pistols; and each boat was provisioned for two days, and was armed at the bow with a brass three-pounder.

It was a dark but clear night. The breeze came gallantly over the sparkling waves, as one after another they successively rolled towards the English strand.

Ah, sir, a landsman is not capable of estimating that feeling which possesses a British naval officer, when, fresh from his warm mess-place, he buckles round his sword-belt, flings his cloak over his shoulder, and sits himself down in the stern-sheets of a tight galley, with some eight or nine stout hearts at his call, ready to do his bidding, and own his mastership!

Having rowed some thirty yards from the shore, close alongside of each other, we tossed in our oars. "Now my men," said I, being the senior-officer, to the two boats' crews; "shake hands before we part; and, when the tug of war comes, don't forget the prize-money we shall have at landing; or, if it may hap some of us to lose the number of our mess in the king's service, we've all old girls at home to whom our share will be a comfort. A steady eye, a strong arm, and the night's your own! God bless you, Walden," said I, squeezing his hand, as we leaned over our respective boats; "good-bye!"

Both the action and the word were followed up by the rest of the boats' crews when I gave the order—"Hoist away the lug, coxswain, keep her to," and off our boats bounded through the rushing foam, on their different courses. The breeze blew freshly in my face: scarcely could I

breathe enough of it—so delightful did it seem. Rapidly the billows came flowing aft. We were speeding through the briny element at the rate of eight knots an hour. For fifty minutes did I strain my eyes, looking anxiously to windward for the expected prize; nearly all our boat's crew did the same, with the exception of one man, who was ordered to keep sight of our fellow-boat.

"I think, sir, here's a speck o' something right away on the lee-bow," said the coxswain.

"Where?" I exclaimed.

"There, sir," pointing with his finger.

"No, no, sir, that's only a wee bit of hazy cloud," said the look-out, who felt his vigilance called in question.

I looked towards the spot with some incredulity, having swept the horizon with my night-glass but a few minutes before to no purpose. There was undoubtedly some-

thing in the distance, and I was inclined to the belief of the second speaker. It seemed a dim and indistinct flitting spot on the horizon. Once more I applied my glass.

"A mere cloud," I returned, after my examination, "I can see it lifted above the water-line."

"Ah, sir," returned the coxswain: "well, surely, I thought it might be a sail."

"Has the boat to leeward made any signal yet?" I inquired.—No, she had made none. Still we held on our course; let out a reef; and the old coxswain, tenacious of his own belief, kept her a little nearer to the wind. Despite of my reported opinion, we all kept our eyes on the suspected spot, till it gradually grew larger, and seemingly more dense. There was no longer that mistiness about it, on the contrary, a sharp clear outline was beginning to be visible.

"Well, your honour," said the coxswain, "if so be it had been one of my messmates who had gainsayed me, I'd ha' bet a gallon of grog that 'ere wee bit of stuff's a sail after all. It's worth another look, sir!"

To humour him, I raised the glass again; when, behold! it no longer appeared to be floating in the air, since its dark form was now much increased in size, and continuous with the sea, shooting up in bold relief, against the dim sky. I kept my glass fixed upon it. Every moment it seemed to increase in bulk. Its outline had become quite sharp, and now assumed the form of a pyramid. In another instant I discovered her to be a three-masted lugger, which, on its first appearing above the horizon, had been lifted up by the refraction. "Here's the prize! Here she is!" ran round the boat, from lip to lip.

"Shall I hoist the light, sir?" inquired one of the men.

"No," I replied; "but, coxswain up with your helm, and run down to the boat to leeward. I want to communicate; my men, examine your primings, and make ready."

In a few minutes we had traversed the slight intervening space. The lug of our boat was hauled down, as her head luffed up in the breeze, and we were alongside Walden. He had just observed the stranger, when we altered our course to meet him. After a few minutes consultation, it was agreed that we should make sail for the lugger till within the distance of a mile; then, taking in our canvass, we were to make use of our oars, and board her;—myself on the weather-beam, by crossing the bows; and Walden on the lee-quarter. Once more hoisting our sail, then, with this understanding, away we flew.

The proposed distance had been sped, the sail reduced, and our oars were then taken out. Nobly the gallant lugger loomed through the clear, dark night, as she came towards us like a war-horse rejoicing in its strength. Our boats were so low in the water, and every thing belonging to them of so dark a colour, that it was impossible to discover us until very near. We were now within a quarter of a mile. Walden was about thirty yards astern—perhaps a little more.

"Are you all ready, my men?" I inquired, in a low tone.

"All ready, sir."

"Right! let every other man lay in his oar,—face about towards the bow,—and take aim with his musket at the slings of the fore-lug. When I give the word, fire, and see if we cannot bring it down for him. Now, my men, a good strong pull!"

Swiftly did the two approaching bodies

near one another. Fifty yards barely intervened between us, when a voice was heard hailing us—"Boat ahoy, there!—keep out of our way, or we'll run you down!"

"Shall we fire now, sir?" said the men, addressing me.

"One minute more.—Now—a steady aim.—Fire!"

We were within ten yards of the bows when this order was given. On the instant, the four men discharged their muskets successively. Nor in vain. Down came the fore-lug thundering on the deck. In three strokes more we were on her weather-bow.

Not a man was to be seen. "She's ours," I cried triumphantly. But the words had scarce escaped my lips, when a three pound swivel, which I had not observed, sent its murderous contents into the boat, laying the stroke-oarsman dead at my feet,

wounding severely four of the men, and myself slightly on the shoulder. Furious at this resistance, I whipped out my cutlass—"Toss in your oars—in with them—and aboard!—No quarter: down with every every mother's son of them!"

At the word, the bow-man had hooked his boat-hook on the fore-chains, and in another moment we should have been upon her decks, when a musket-shot, from some loop-hole in the bulwark, penetrated his head, and he tumbled lifeless into the foaming waters.

I was outrageous. Not a soul was to be seen. Revenge had no object on which to wreak itself. Scarce a sound was to be heard on board. "Seize the boat-hook in the bow, and bring us alongside," I roared out. At this moment, a run inside on the decks took place, and away went the fore-lug to the mast-head, all right once more. Her head fell off from the wind, and she

darted instantly forward on her rapid course.

"Where, in the name of fortune, is Walden," thought I. My thoughts were answered ere expressed. A tremendous crash, and a cry of "We're over—we're run over—the helm"—and some other words half uttered, half suppressed, made me turn my eye towards the bow of the lugger. There I saw Walden's boat under her cutwater. The men were all struggling and bawling—she disappeared, and was, I concluded, run over by the smuggler.

Meanwhile, my men had been firing at the lugger's spars, but in vain; and she, much to our mortification, shot a-head. The brass bow-gun was double shotted. Springing forward, I hastily took aim, and fired. To my inexpressible joy, I beheld her main-top-mast totter, and fall over to leeward; while the spar being struck be-

low the cross-trees, the mainsail also fell to the deck. Nor was this all: for looking once more on the waters, there was Walden's boat, which, it appears, had escaped with a severe concussion, occasioned by the lugger re-hoisting her fore-sail, and paying off before he could alter his course.

"Fire into her, Walden! — Hurrah! Hurrah! Pepper into her well. Give way, my boys: we'll soon be alongside of her once more." We now gained rapidly on the chace, encumbered with the wreck. But she had some smart hands aboard; and in a few minutes it was all cut away again, and she speeding along under fore and after-sail. Presently our firing cut away the misen-top-sail. Up went a hand to repair damages: a shot struck him, and ove he tumbled into the waves.

"Fling him a keg, my boys: we can stop for no one! Hurrah, there, Walden, give way! We're gaining on her." But

suddenly his oars cease. We heard some cry, "What does he say?" In an instant his boat appeared to settle in the water, and we plainly distinguished the words—"We're sinking!"

Pulling up to him the boat had disappeared. The shock had started her keel from stem to stern. Her crew were struggling for life amid the waves. We rescued seven of the ten. Three of them being wounded had sunk to rise no more. Notwithstanding all our disasters, we allowed no time for condolence, but burning with revenge made all sail after the lugger, who was at least two miles a-head.

She continued her course straight for the land where they seemed to have stranded her. Still we followed with both sail and oar; for the enemy had spread sufficient canvass on his stump to distance a boat so overloaded as ours now was.

The lugger had not been stranded more

than half an hour by our calculation when a lurid glare, shooting up from the very spot, reflected by the ocean, plainly proved that they had run their cargo and set the vessel on fire! We reached her at last. Our conjectures were right. She was half burnt. Not a keg was to be seen. While conjecturing, and searching, and landing the wounded, Caroline came running down to us in an agony of apprehension. She scarcely seemed to be conscious of what was passing around her. The firing had reached her ears: she hurried down to the beach, observed the lugger approach, and knowing it could not be our boat, had hid herself among the rocks.

Thus situated, she witnessed the free-traders land their cargo, and observed their concealment of it in that cave—pointing while she spoke to some briars growing half way up the chalk cliff—assuring us at the same time that the greater part, if not the

whole, of the lugger's crew were concealed there at that very moment.

But not to tire you—we instantly formed, stormed the cave, and succeeded with severe loss: among the fatally wounded was Walden. By his own desire he was brought out on the beach for air, and there expired—expired at the very feet of his betrothed bride. That night was as the last to both of them. She never held up her head again. Both were carried to her father's house—he a corpse—herself a maniac. I said my tale was sad: it is, however, finished; so is our walk. Yon majestic bluff before us, sir, is Shakspeare's Cliff.

THE CURSE OF THE CHURCH.

"That which makes the clergy glorious, is to be knowing in their profession, unspotted in their lives, active and laborious in their charges, bold and resolute in opposing seducers, and daring to look vice in the face, though never so potent and illustrious."—Dr. South.

To the sound churchman—to him whose early attachment to the beautiful formulary of our church has been matured and deepened by his thorough conviction of the scriptural foundation of her doctrines and articles—no position is more painful than that of being perpetually called upon to deny that her institutions require those

sweeping measures with which the modern rage for legislation would visit them. That she has, till within a very recent period, yearly lost ground in the estimation of the people cannot with any shew of truth be denied. For this various causes have been assigned.—1. To the tithe system; 2. To the little deference shewn to the wishes of the people, and the systematic and determined manner in which their representations and entreaties with respect to the distribution of preferment have been discountenanced and defied; and, 3. to pluralities—this increasing indifference has been attributed.

These last I affirm are, and shall find little difficulty in proving to be, THE CURSE OF THE CHURCH.

With respect to "tithes." I hold that the tithes are as much the property of the clergy as the rent is the property of the landlord; and that the title of the former can no more be destroyed than the title of

the latter. The tithes do not belong to the husbandman: they can never be called his. The clergyman claims them as his *right*, unfettered by any conditions whatever other than those which he enters into with God and the king. It has been the fashion of late years to talk of *abolishing tithes*. Those who have lands would do well to consider how they would relish the abolishing of *rents;* for they may rest assured that the latter will never be far behind the former. Those who would make a law for abolishing tithes would probably not wish to make another for abolishing rents. But they would very soon find a set of legislators to do it for them. Let us look at the question fairly. What were tithes originally? *Tithes were originally grants from the owners of the land,** who had an un-

* "Suppose I were to establish myself with all my family in America, and bring a large tract of land into cultivation, and at length build a town, and get together a

doubted right to do what they would with their own. A sense of the duties which they owed to God induced them thus to make a fixed and public provision for his ministers. They viewed it as an equitable return which justice challenged at their hands in behalf of the priesthood. In looking then at the question of tithes, it should never be forgotten that *they are a property*

multitude of people; and suppose I should think that we might all be the better for some public visible worship of God; should I not have a right,—a perfect right,—to devote any part of my property to such an object? Nobody would presume to dispute the matter with me, but my own family; and it is true that they might be somewhat less rich. But what is that to them? The land is mine and not theirs. I bought it; and I brought it to the state in which it now is: and if to shew my gratitude to the divine author of my prosperity, and for the spiritual benefit of the population, I give him back a part of his gift, they ought to rejoice in my determination, and probably would do so."—*Dr. Warton.* I repeat it, tithes were originally grants from the owners of the land. For certain advantages in return, which appeared to them of great importance, they set apart for ever a tenth portion of every thing which their land produced. This is their real origin, and it extinguishes all the cant about their injustice at once.

of much more ancient right than any man's title to any other property in the kingdom; that they were dedicated to the maintenance of the church long prior to the age of papal dominion in these realms; and long, long before the most ancient families in the kingdom had name, place, or property.

"But," says the advocate for their abolition, "there is infinite hardship, vexation, and injustice in their exaction. The whole tithe system is a system of robbery. I plough, and manure, and sow, and reap, all at my own single expense; another steps in, and without having contributed the smallest proportion of either labour or capital, takes away one-tenth part of what I have raised by the labour of my own hands. I call that neither more nor less than a dead robbery; and the man, whether he wear a black or a blue coat, at whose feet such spoliation takes place, is a plunderer."

But it may be asked in return: The landlord neither ploughs nor sows—expends neither capital nor labour on the crops—but contents himself with stepping in and taking a full quarter of the produce—is he to be called a plunderer—a robber?

It is impossible to get rid of this difficulty by saying that the land is his. It is not *altogether* his. It is only his subject to conditions. It is his subject to tithe. In other words, he has only the power of appropriating to himself *nine-tenths* of the produce. This is the tenure on which the landland holds the land. This is the tenure on which his ancestors held it; on which it was bequeathed to him; and this is the only tenure on which he can convey it to others.

But supposing the tithes were taken away from the church and given to the nation, would the tithe-payers be benefited?

Most assuredly not.

It is not too much to affirm, that where the tithes are held as at present, the parson does not get a third of his legal due. In many cases it does not amount to a fourth of the real value of the tithe. Were they wrested from the clergy and transferred to the nation, they would instantly be sold to the highest bidder, or commissioners would be appointed to manage them; and in either case no lenity would be shewn, no return granted, but the very utmost made of them as a matter of course.

The best view of tithes, to my mind, is this. I have lighted upon it in the course of my reading, but when or where has escaped my recollection.

"But the tithes—the tithes—that's the great incumbrance," is the outcry now-a-days. "Let us but get rid of them, and we should then do well." Good honest men do not deceive yourselves: suppose the tithe abolished altogether, what then? How would

it benefit you? In no way whatever. Your rent would be proportionably (and often more than in proportion) increased. And if the tithes be taken from the parson, what is to become of them? Suppose they are given up to the state, will they not then be levied as a severe government tax to be exacted with rigour, with no chance of abatement; and when tithe-day comes, full and prompt payment, or an immediate execution on the the goods, will be the alternative? *In some shape or other this tax upon the soil must exist.* If you do not pay in one way you must in another: and surely to pay it to the resident clergyman must be the best; for besides that he will generally be found more willing than other men to meet us in the pressure of bad seasons and blighted crops, in reduction of his claim, from being at hand to witness and sympathize in our misfortunes—are we not, by paying him a part of our rent (for such after all it only

is), causing another respectable family to reside amongst us? Is not the money so paid immediately laid out again in our own neighbourhood? Are not many poor relieved by it, many employed, and the parish altogether benefited? Is it not much better thus to pay some portion of the rent to the parson *residing in the parish*, than to one who may be taking your rent to spend it abroad among Frenchmen and Italians, or to pay some vile usurer and money lender in London? Is this not the fact in a thousand instances? Think well, then, before you join in the cry against tithes to the clergy. In some cases the mode of collecting them may be disagreeable; butto get rid of this partial evil, which will doubtless ere long be amended, do not aid in bringing about a greater and wider-spread calamity."

II. Nothing has alienated the affections of the people from the existing establish-

ment so silently and irreparably as the pertinacity with which, *in times past*, they have been denied a voice in the preferment of their ministers, and the sturdiness with which any representation on their part, in behalf of a valued curate, has been silenced or set at nought.

I will here mention a fact which fell under my own personal observation. It shows how the system worked, and of what bitter fruits it was productive. A living became vacant on which a curate of the most blameless life and benevolent habits had been stationed eleven years. It was a "peculiar," and formed part of the patronage of the dean of the diocese. A memorial was drawn up, addressed to that dignitary, and signed by all the principal landowners and landholders in the parish, praying that he would take the services and character of their curate into consideration in disposing of the vacant vicarage. It was

deemed most respectful that a deputation should wait on him; and three of the wealthiest and most respectable landed proprietors were fixed upon. The dean was apprized of their intention—a day was named—and an interview granted. He never asked them to sit down—never offered them (they had ridden thirty miles) any refreshment—never expressed any pleasure at such a compliment being paid to a brother clergyman. He contented himself with putting two questions—"Are these signatures genuine?" He was assured they were. "Is the wish this petition expresses the unanimous wish of the whole parish?"—"Unquestionably so." "Then I must tell you that I consider this a most improper interference. It is an attempt to wrest from me my right of presentation, and I shall treat it accordingly. Mr. C——se has no chance of success in the present instance." He bowed and retired.

Now this was the conduct, on a point of patronage, of an acute and clever man—of one who had raised himself to ecclesiastical rank, by his own industry and exertions—and had exhibited, on many occasions, a nice sense of honour, and an ardent love of justice.

Alas! how much easier is it to feel than to think!

To the Vicarage a middle-aged gentleman was presented, of highly agreeable manners, and very convivial habits He was what is called "a dead shot:" and many a keenly-contested pigeon-match took place on the vicar's glebe; and many a jovial carouse followed it. He hunted, too, occasionally with the Quorn hounds; and was so tender of the prejudices of his parishioners, that he always wore a pepper-and-salt coat *till he got to cover*. He was fond, too, of Cheltenham; and had no dislike to Bath: but his attachment to his

parish prevented him, in any year, remaining more than two months at the one, and three at the other.

But what became of the parish of R— in the interim? That parish in which, during the curate's ministry, not a dissenting chapel of any denomination was to be found, became a hot-bed of Sectarianism. In a few years it was deluged with dissent. And if at this moment I wished to name a place more renowned than any other, for bitter feeling against the church, a deep-rooted dislike to her institutions, and a thorough contempt for her clergy—I should point to that hamlet. Who is to blame for this? *the patron, the people, or the pastor?*

III. "*The curse of the church" lies in its* PLURALITIES.—Never will it thrive till this indefensible abuse of patronage is redressed. Even to the tithe system, there accrues increased odium and augmented harshness, from the operation of this accursed and un-

scriptural usage. Its evils are endless. Take a few of the most aggravated.

1. Pluralities are the cause of non-residence; and non-residence is destructive of the best interests of the church, and the very bane of religion.

2. Pluralities augment the pressure and hardship of the tithe laws, and render them an hundred-fold more odious than they would otherwise become. Thus, where the incumbent is a pluralist, and of course non-resident, a middle-man is employed to levy the tithes. They are generally let to him. And the incumbent knows, or is supposed to know, nothing of the means adopted for their collection. Now what is the object and interest of this middle-man? *Clearly to get all he can.* He has taken the tithes to make money by them. What are the interests of the church, or the affections of the people to him? He has made a contract: its end is his own advantage: and

he is deterred by no scruples, from pursuing it to the very uttermost. It would be otherwise, if the incumbent were not a pluralist, and, consequently, a non-resident. The tithes would be paid to him: he would observe where their exaction became a real misfortune; and mercy, and lenity, and indulgence would be shewn, where only menaces, and law proceedings, and warrants of distress are held out *in terrorem* by the rapacious middle-man.

3. No parishioners can feel attached to an incumbent who spends only one-fourth of the year amongst them, and the remainder on other livings. Nor does the incumbent become attached to a people whom he visits for so short a period, and at such distant intervals. They are cold to each other. There is no tie, no bond between them. He is a mere bird of passage, and is regarded by them as a stranger. He is a casual visiter, not their pastor. And his

admonitions and instructions, however ably conceived and energetically delivered, fall listlessly on their ear. They cannot persuade themselves that he really feels any cordial interest in their welfare.

4. "The reason why pluralities are made," say the advocates of the system, in their desperate haste to seize hold of any argument, "is this:—*small parishes are united, because, singly, they are unable to keep a clergyman!*" Divide them by all means. Disjoin them at once. Let the public see that this is really the case; that this plea has truth for its basis; and there is no lack of zealous and benevolent people willing to take the matter up, and wealthy people able to give to such parishes ample endowment.

5. No curate can ever possess in a parish the weight and influence which the resident incumbent exercises at will. The stipendiary labourer is but a subaltern in the

ranks: his stay is uncertain: he is removeable at the pleasure of another. Popular as he may be, his popularity does not provide him with means. He has not the resources of an incumbent: he does not possess the ability to remit fees, excuse or abate the payment of tithes, relieve the destitute, and supply the necessitous: privileges which belong to his employer, from superior wealth. The curate then can never possess the weight and influence of an incumbent; nor is he ever able to be as useful.

6. What parish is satisfied with the knowledge that the annual income derived from the produce of its soil is taken to London, Bath, Cheltenham, Lymington, or spent in the hospitalities of another living? Are the parishioners not likely to say, and say justly, that the money raised *from* the parish, ought to be spent IN the parish? "It is earned," would be, and IS

their language, "by the sweat of our brow, and among strangers IT OUGHT NOT to be circulated."

Moreover the principle is utterly indefensible. What would be thought of that Board of Admiralty, which, by an order, should make Captain Glascock, commanding His Majesty's ship, *Orestes*, in the Douro, responsible for the discipline, service, and sea-worthy condition of His Majesty's ship, *Samarang*, lying in the Downs?

Transfer this reasoning from naval to clerical warfare, and the absurdity of pluralities will be instantly apparent. Moreover, it is the WORKING CLERGY who are the prop and stay of the church. And this fact is entitled to the serious consideration of those who "bear rule" in the establishment, and have its dignities and emoluments at their disposal. It is the WORKING CLERGY in whose welfare the people take any degree of interest: these are the men

to whom they are bound in the bonds of kindness—whose services they gratefully recognize — for whose wants they are anxious to provide, and in whose sorrows they affectionately sympathize.

An idea obtains—though it is difficult to say on what grounds—that the interests of the church are subserved by popular preachers. Turn to those parishes which have the least sprinkling of dissent in them —which have the strongest leaven of old Church of England feeling yet cleaving to them—which show the greatest attachment to their minister, and in which the quiet, practical effects of religion are most visible, and see if these results are to be attributed to the efforts of a popular preacher? No! They are to be ascribed to the pains-taking curate, or to the active and constantly-resident incumbent. They are the fruits of *his* labours, who, by his example, preaches a daily sermon to his flock.

They are to be attributed to the *working clergyman*—to him whom the people view, Sabbath after Sabbath, in his place, ready to console, exhort, animate, and encourage them; and whom the other days of the week find in the dwellings of the poor, and beside the beds of the dying.

These are the men who bear up the Church of England. These are the men who are beloved and respected. These are the men who endure the burden and heat of the day—who stand in the front, and brave the hottest fire of the battle. And these are the men who ought to be sought out, and encouraged, and preferred;—assured, as the heads of the hierarchy must be, that the people would sympathize in their elevation, and the cause of the church be advanced by it.

Strengthen the hands of the working clergy, and you strengthen the hands of the church. And nothing would do this

so effectually and so safely, as the immediate and utter abolishment of the system of pluralities.

Facts have ever more weight than arguments. How the present system works, take the following as an instance. There is a living in the north of England, the receipts of which, during the period of high prices, fell little short of £3,000 per annum:—they at present amount, at the lowest computation, to £1,800. The living is held by a gentleman, in addition to *two* others, and a valuable prebendal stall.

Notwithstanding his various preferments, he does not possess ubiquity; and therefore neither of his cures can receive a large portion of his personal attention. On the living to which I refer, he resides three months, and preaches, while in residence, every Sunday morning. His sermons may be summed up at thirteen:—the amount of

duty the parish receives from him in exchange for the £1,800 he draws from it.

To supply his lack of service,—for the place is populous, and the duty heavy,—two curates are engaged. To the senior is allotted £150 per annum as his stipend; to the junior, £100. There were some in the parish to whom these arrangements were anything but satisfactory. Many remembered when the rectory was inhabited;—when their incumbent resided regularly and constantly among them. They were entitled, they said, to have a resident rector. The population—the value—the importance of the rectory—all demanded it. It was an abuse of no trifling nature, that such a living should be bestowed on one that would not reside upon it; that so large a sum should be abstracted from the parish, and so small a part of it spent in it.

A year or two since, after the rector's last sermon for the season, the following

dialogue was overheard between two of the oldest of his hearers, as they slowly descended the little hill on which the parish church is situated.

"Well, this is number thirteen. I suppose, our worthy rector leaves us to-morrow, for London. He's a noble preacher!"

"Humph! I wonder which of his preferments stands next in rotation for the favour of one of his angel visits."

"What have his livings, pluralist as he is, to do with his preaching? I maintain his discourses abound in sound, good doctrines. They are *valuable* sermons."

"Granted: nay, I'll go farther, friend. I will affirm of *them* that they are *precious* sermons; and, of our pastor, himself, that to his flock there cannot be a *dearer* man."

"That's a sneer: explain it."

"Why," remarked the other, with unruffled calmness, "can there be a *dearer*

man to the parish, when we pay him upwards of £1,500 for condescending to remain three months amongst us? And his thirteen sermons, I assert them to be '*precious.*' What other epithet do they merit, when he receives exactly £120 *a-piece for each of them?*"

SKETCHES OF THE QUARTER-DECK.

FROM THE

JOURNAL OF A GOOD-NATURED FELLOW.

"Truth, whether in or out of fashion is the measure of knowledge, and the business of the understanding."

LOCKE.

"WITHERSFIELD, my good fellow," said a party of us, one evening, to the sea-monster, when that worthy was far advanced into his third bottle, "tip us a *yarn*."

"Drink my wine, and welcome," was our host's reply, "but don't expect me

* See "Withersfield of Trinity Hall."

to speechify. I hate talking. Besides," pointing to a half-emptied flask which stood beside him, "this is number three, and, really, when that is the case—"

"You are so gloriously good-humoured," persisted his persecutors. "Wine, my W., has precisely the same effect upon you, as upon the glory of Devonshire Lord ——. The first bottle renders him irritable and quarrelsome, ready, like yourself, to exchange cards with his grandfather. The second sees him lachrymose; — he would weep with you over the degeneracy of the age, and the calamities of your country. The third brings him back, like yourself, to a degree of jollity and good-humour.

"Which will not last long if you thus persist in baiting me. As to Lord ——, if you knew as much of his lordship as I do—"

"The yarn, the yarn," vociferated a dozen voices.

"Well, well," muttered Withersfield, with anything but graceful acquiescence, "if a yarn you must have, be it so: but not one of mine. There," hauling out of his drawer a huge roll of papers, and heaving them towards us, "there lies the journal of a former messmate of mine, a good-natured fellow, who, about a year ago, *unexpectedly left his lodgings*. Pick and choose where you will."

"Read, read," was the reply of his tormentors.

"Read!" he repeated with a look of dismay; "why, surely, you don't expect me —a man in my situation—at this hour of the night, to read audibly, do you?"

"Read, read!" was shouted in all directions.

"May I be—"

"Begin, begin!"

"Easy, then, easy!" he exclaimed. "I can scarcely see the characters. Push the lights this way. They don't, to my mind,

burn very steadily. Is this the place? The table, somehow, rocks unaccountably. I—I—I wish ye all at the devil. Now for a spell."

It was in the year 182— that I obtained my appointment to a ten gun brig, then lying at Sheerness. She had been stationed in the north sea, and having lost her second lieutenant, it was to his vacancy that I succeeded. I had never been afloat since my first gaining my promotion in the *Medusa*, a forty-two gun frigate. Despite of my having seen innumerable samples of this vile and almost useless class of vessel,* my vanity could not refrain from picturing to itself something infinitely superior to the general run. With breathless eagerness I hurried down to that middle purgatory, known to landsmen as the town of Chatham. There, wandering ghosts of naval officers,

* Ten gun brig.

and ill-behaved school-boys in regimentals, are eternally to be seen, slowly sauntering along; now peeping into the windows of "*the millinery;*" now posting the latest and most refined oaths over a strawberry ice. But simple purgatory was, it seems, too good for me. I was destined to the deepest caverns of Avernus itself; and I therefore embarked, with all my baggage, from the Sun hotel, and proceeded down the almost interminable windings of the Medway. It was one of those charming wet days, peculiar to that neighbourhood, which leaves the delighted individual in doubt as to the element in which he was intended to exist, air or water.

The view, too, along this entrancing river, is seen to admirable advantage through the favourable medium of a heavy and unceasing rain. *Then and thus* gazed upon, what can be more enchanting than the picturesque line of mud and bulrushes which

adorn the right-hand bank, if we except the still more inviting reach of slime and swamp which are the glory of the left? What vivid images do they not call up in the mind of the beholder, of cheerfulness, and happiness, and fertility, and grandeur?

It is possible some mere matter-of-fact observer may entertain a different opinion. The truth is, I have been tormented through life by my happy mode of viewing things, buoyant disposition, and excessive good-nature.

In my family I am the good-natured brother; in every mess I am the good-natured fellow; and, go where I will, I am the good-natured man. This amiable quality perfectly stands in my light, and some five-and-twenty years of my life have been passed in ceaseless efforts, by myself and others, to ruffle my good temper—but in vain. I had proceeded about four miles down the river, and was some little way

past Gillinghame-reach, anticipating the exquisite thrill of being wet through, when I felt the boat suddenly strike. "You blockhead," I exclaimed to the waterman, "You have run me a-ground!"

"Anan, sir?"

"We are aground, I say."

"Anan!" he returned with the most irritating naiveté, "and so we be, I declare."

"Declare, you old fool! I declare this, that if you don't instantly get me off I shall without ceremony break your head."

"Well, well, sir," he replied, "I'll get ye off again, never fear; but don't go for to lose your temper."

"Lose what?" I ejaculated in utter surprise at his audacity in supposing such a thing possible. "I lose my temper!" seizing at the same moment a smart bamboo, and laying it to some purpose across his shoulders. "*I!* perhaps one of the best-tempered fellows in the universe!"

"Come, come, master, two can play at that game," responded he, arming himself with a cudgel, and returning my blow."

We closed: a short scuffle ensued, which ended in my taking him up head and heels and tossing him into the water. Immersed a little above his knees, he, by dint of struggling, gained the shore. Midway he paused; and shaking his fist aloft at me with incredible fury, vociferated,—

"You dog-drowning villain, there's an hour's fall of tide yet. You can't get the craft off before the flood begins to make. And if I don't have you prosecuted as the law directs before that time my name's not Barney Blowem."

Having finished his irascible declaration, he turned and waded off to the little village of Gillinghame.

My first impulse was the enjoyment of a hearty fit of laughter at the bemuddled appearance of my beaten antagonist. My next

was a reflection on the passing probability of Barney's realizing his threat, and coming down upon me backed by the whole constabulary force of the hamlet of Gillinghame. The rain now fell more heavily than before; and the wind shifted round from W. by N. to N. N. W. It was true that I shook like a patient in the tertian fit; but that did not at all subtract from the delight with which I removed my hose and boots, and jumped into the water to push off the boat.

This was at length accomplished, and with no small effort; and in half an hour I found myself pursuing my *pleasure trip* down the Medway. It was about five when I discovered that I had arrived at Sheerness, abeam of the Gloucester, then, I believe, commanded by Captain, now Admiral Horton, of whose eccentricities some extraordinary accounts are current in the navy.

"Boat a-hoy there?" said I, hailing

some fellow in a wherry. "Can you tell me which is his Majesty's brig Alcestes?"

"That there's her, sir, what you sees hid in the fog, tripping her anchor with her foretopsail aback ready to cast to port. She's just a got flying orders for the Nore."

"The deuce she has! I must get on board, however, at all hazards."

"Perhaps your honour belongs to her?"

"To be sure I do."

"Then would your honour have the goodness to let me go in company? I'm Dickie Tomkins the bumboat man; and there's young Mr. Midshipman Tappit who owes me two pounds ten for soda-water and cigars, from whom I shall never see my money, because the young gentleman has paid the master-at-arms a shilling to keep my boat from coming alongside."

"Is that it? Then make haste Master Dickie Tomkins, and jump in, for I've not a minute to lose."

"Aye, aye, sir. Here Molly, wife, take these sculls a moment, while I jump into the gentleman's boat: I'll weather that young cheat-the-gallows yet."

"Now, my fine fellow, do you pull towards this said craft '*what you sees hid in the fog*.' I conclude she must be lying in that direction, for I hear the sound of a fiddle."

"Just so, sir. I'll have you on board in a crack."

After a few vigorous strokes a large dark mass loomed through the fog, and we were apparently nearing it rapidly, when we heard—"Keep back, you bumboat man, keep back there." We still made way.

"Back, I say," bellowed the same gruff voice, "or I'll heave a shot into your port."

"Then 'vast with your heavings, master-at-arms, or you'll hit his honour the officer."

"None of your gammon! D'ye think any of our officers were ever such mudlarks

as that? "Off, I say! What! You will near us, eh? Then stand from under."

And down came a thirty-two pounder cannon shot from the main-chains of the brig, plunged through the thin planking of the boat, and sinking to the bottom, the water instantaneously rushed in. The bow was by this time touching the ship's side. Another second and I had leapt into the main chains.

"You barefaced villain," said I, "addressing the master-at-arms, "though it is my misfortune to be one of the best natured fellows going, yet I will not see such a piece of downright rascality perpetrated before my face." Putting all my strength into motion, at one blow I sent the aggressor tumbling into the tides below. "Pick him up below there, bumboat man," I added, going aft to report myself to the captain.

The latter officer, strange as it may ap-

pear, though to be sure there is no accounting for the wayward and perverse conclusions of men in command, did not seem to approve of my conduct, since he ordered me under instant arrest, and directed the corporal and serjeant of marines to seize Dickie Tompkins and bundle him back into his own boat.

The wherry in which I came down the river was with difficulty floated until my "traps" could be hoisted out. It was then allowed to sink in quietness to the bottom. Of the unfortunate owner I never heard again. In fact I thought the best mode of managing the matter was to forget it altogether. This was easily accomplished, for within twenty-four hours after my release from arrest I found that we were bound for the Mediterranean. During my period of durance vile I had leisure to bewail the unfortunate feature in my character—my inexhaustible good nature. But on board—

ship topic succeeds topic too rapidly to permit any one remaining long on the *tapis*. By the following day the "skipper's" anger had subsided. I assured him that I was a most good-natured fellow—too much so for my own comfort—and that if I occasionally knocked a man down, or breathed out a hasty expression, it was only to deter mankind from taking an ungenerous advantage of my hereditary good temper. I was then restored to my duty, kept the afternoon watch, and dined in the cabin at its close.

Admiral Sir George, then Captain Cockburn, was at this period taking a passage with us as far as Portsmouth; and it was at Captain L——'s table that I first met him. The character always given of him was somewhat eccentric, and unequivocally smart and severe. Such might be the fact; but of the first I saw little. The second he is well known to be, and the third I should

say depended upon chance. He is one of those people who are perfect unicorns to run against, and yet not so very difficult to comprehend. It certainly required some tact and judgment to sail it smoothly with him, for he was rigid in exacting the deference, both to his person and opinions, which he deemed his due; and he whose object it becomes to sail in his wake, must be content implicitly to give way to him in matters of mere professional minutiæ; satisfied, by so doing, to retain some influence over him in points of major importance.

I'm by no means sure I was a favourite; nevertheless, he certainly possessed in my eyes many and striking qualities. In person, he seems purposely moulded for the Captain of a British man-of-war; of middle height, strongly made, with a determined and somewhat severe cast of countenance. He had early in life distinguished

himself in a single action; but you will listen long and wearily to him before you hear his own deeds even remotely alluded to by himself. For his solicitude respecting his youngsters he is much and deservedly commended. He was always most careful that they should be taught their profession, and for this end, kept a hull on board his frigate, which it was their duty to rig and unrig at pleasure.

To him am I indebted for an introduction to one who has figured ably and admirably on the "quarter-deck" — Lady Dashwood. While Sir Charles commanded the *Windsor Castle*, her ladyship, to the joy of both officers and men, was seldom ashore. A kinder, franker, happier spirit, never dwelt in a human form. To the youngsters she was habitually and invariably a cordial and generous friend; while the men hailed her arrival on board with the most heartfelt satisfaction. "Jack" knew well

the benefit of her presence.—*No punishment during the period of her stay: that* she invariably warded off from him during the time she was aboard. Nay, further, she has been known, more than once, *singularly and unaccountably* to divine the precise hour when the cat was to be exhibited, and by her unexpected arrival alongside, to defer its appearance *sine die.* What wonder, then, that by the men, one and all, she was worshipped? "May" her "shadow never be less!" as the Persians have it.

But to revert. At Portsmouth we landed our passenger, and in the space of a fortnight sailed for the Mediterranean. Within ten days we were lying in the Bay of Gibraltar, just inside Point Europa.

The view from this bay alone would well repay any modern tourist for the voyage. Having taken in a supply of fresh meat and vegetables, we sailed for Malta, which pleasant island we made in six weeks. I

know few places more delightful to a sailor than this famed resort of the Knights Templar. If you do not happen to be overburdened with gold, you have the consolation of finding many comforts within your reach; if, on the contrary, you are passably provided with the precious metals, every luxury is at your command. You have all the delights and delicacies of a warm climate, without its distressing accompaniments. There is very little disease in Malta; and, with the exception of mosquitoes, none of the annoyances of a southern clime. For him whose feelings can be raised and excited by viewing the wreck of ancient grandeur, and the remains of exquisite beauty and matchless strength, Malta is stored with delight. The noble and impregnable fortresses which frown upon its bays, are those which the desperate valour of the Knights of St. John defended against the combined hosts of the

Infidel. Their power, it is true, has passed away; but the record of their prowess survives: and vivid is that magic beauty which fame sheds over the memory of valour, and which now mantles every stone and turret of Valetta.

Again, the depopulated hamlets, and even towns, which present themselves in various directions, all convey sad, but stirring images to the heart; partly the effects of war, and partly the results of an equally merciless scourge—the plague; of which Sir Arthur Brooke Faulkner has given as namby-pamby and silly an account, as any full-grown baby could indite.

We made the island early in the morning, and drew near to it under the influence of a gentle breeze. When distant about two miles, the *Naiad*, commanded by the late Hon. Sir Robert Spencer, made a signal for a boat. She was on our weather bow, and had, it appeared, just left the haven

which we were so anxious to gain. I was ordered off to communicate, and Sir Robert threw his main topsail aback, to allow of my coming alongside.

"Main top there, Mr. Robb! Come down on deck, directly, sir. You think yourself a mighty high officer up there, I imagine."

I fancy I still hear him giving utterance to this sentence, which was leaving his lips as I reached the deck. Sir Robert was standing on a carronade-slide, with his glass extended in his hand, pointing to the main-top, where the said officer was superintending the operation of making sail—now interrupted by my arrival.

"I have come on board, sir, to answer signal," said I, going up to him with the accustomed salute.

"You, sir, what the devil do I want with *you*, sir," he replied, tartly. "When I make a signal for a boat, I expect to see

the captain, himself, come on board: go back and send him here." I moved to depart. "Stay, sir. Carry my orders to him. *I've no particular wish*," this was said slowly, and with that exquisitely supercilious curl of the lip, which all his family possess, with the exception of Lord Althorp—"*for the honour of his visit!* Where were you going?"

"We expected to bring up in Malta harbour, to-night, sir.

"*Then that's just what you won't do!* So, take my compliments to your captain, and tell him I shall be very happy of his company as far as Milo; and that I want him on particular service."

His expressive, glancing eyes flashed with pleasure, as he uttered this provoking order.

"Very well, sir," I replied, turning back. As I moved off, anything but content with the issue of my embassy, I heard

him utter, in an under-tone of the most measureless satisfaction:—

"Ha! ha! I'll teach him to send me a lieutenant when he ought to come himself."

On my return, I detailed the interview to my commander. He swore most lustily at the idea of being taken up the Archipelago, instead of enjoying a short respite at Malta. The necessity of the case, however, admitted of no delay. I prevailed upon him "*to take into consideration my suggestions*," and, repairing on board the Naiad, he found means to pacify her singular captain. It was afterwards my lot to fall in with him under better auspices; and, despite of the unfavourable circumstances of our first acquaintance, there was, ultimately, no captain on the Mediterranean station for whom I had a higher degree of esteem. It is true that he was very choleric, and that his temper was the chief

source of his uneasiness. But, then, his was a strongly marked character, and if his aberrations were violent, his virtues were great.

Commanding abilities, considerable generosity, and unfailing faithfulness to his word, were ever to be observed in him. Moreover, he was remarkable for the care and solicitude with which he watched over and aided the fortunes of those who had served under him with credit. Their welfare he then identified with his own. This last feature in his character is indeed deserving of the highest eulogium; both for its rarity, and the good effects which it produces. He was aware of the defects in his temper, and strove to correct them; though I am not prepared to deny, that in the heat of the moment, they sometimes led him into the commission of acts barely capable of defence.

These outbreakings of temper, it is clear,

could be effectually curbed and smothered: for, during the period he was about the King, (to whom, when Lord High Admiral, he was private secretary), his unruffled equanimity was matter of marked observation in the household.

To his faithful confidant, his Majesty was much and deeply attached. On resigning the post of Lord High Admiral, he is known to have observed, "Nothing in this matter causes me more pain, than the knowledge, that the moment which sees me quit office, severs me from Spencer. He must go on active service—and at once. I will not hear of a mind like his being cramped and fettered at home."

When intelligence of Sir Robert's demise was communicated to the Sovereign, he heard it with extreme emotion. "How his family," he remarked, "will bear the blow, I know not. I feel it as a personal calamity." The tears started into his eyes.

"I have lost one whom I loved as my own son!"

In person, Sir Robert Spencer was of somewhat more than middle stature, inclining to be robust; his hair of a light colour, and complexion florid. When once admitted into his confidence, his intimates were agreeably surprised to find that he possessed a fund of information and humour with which to amuse and delight. He was no mean linguist—had a decided turn for mechanics—and no man ever possessed, in greater perfection, an intuitive insight into the characters of those around him, their follies, their weaknesses, their prejudices. Of these last he delighted to avail himself.

It was his habit, whenever he felt more than usually exasperated, to smoke cigars without number. Their sedative qualities, he was accustomed to avow, had invariably the power of allaying his emotion. There was one property he possessed too noble to be

omitted. *If at any time he had to choose between the indulgence of his officers or of his men, he unalterably gave the latter the preference.* He had one mistaken idea; and his adherence to it forms, perhaps, the most serious charge that can be brought against him. He considered his youngsters as school-boys entrusted to his charge; and on their committing any extraordinary offence, stretched his commission to the extent of flogging them. Such a puerile mode of punishment was unworthy the scope and calibre of a mind like Spencer's. In every sense it is erroneous. Inflicted on the vicious, them it can only harden. The lad who is wavering, it must render desperate; while the infliction of such deep disgrace on the silly or the weak, is absolute barbarity. I would abstain from touching on such a subject in connection with the character of a gallant and accomplished officer, were it not from a conviction

of the pernicious tendency of this practice in our naval service. Such a punishment, more or less, eradicates the chivalrous sense of honour from the mind of the young man who is made to undergo it: and an officer without honour is like "salt which has lost its savour."

Few as were the opportunities afforded to officers, at this period, to distinguish themselves, Sir Robert nevertheless managed to effect it; and the highest compliments were paid to his abilities by the admiral, Sir Harry Neale, as well for his general services, as those in particular at Algiers, and at a subsequent period, when sent on a mission of importance to Ibrahim Pacha, in the Morea.

After all, let his impetuosity and irritability have been what they may, he must surely have been possessed of no common virtues, when his men adored, and his officers admired him.

The service has since lost him: a far heavier loss than may at first appear: since, with his energy of character, general abilities, turn for the dry details of business, and almost unequalled naval interest, it is not too much to affirm, that he might and would have contributed mightily, and manfully to the comfort and independence of his profession; points which loudly call for, and urgently demand, revision and reformation.

His death occurred on board the Madagascar frigate; the command of which he had accepted shortly after his resignation as private secretary to the Lord High Admiral. Having felt himself for a few days out of health, he retired to lie down in his cot. He had just given some directions to his first lieutenant about watering the ship, when, on raising his head to speak to his steward, he fell back, and suddenly expired.

By those who sailed with him, his death

was deeply regretted; and they testified their respect for his memory, by subscribing to a monument—a bust—now placed, or about to be placed, in Westminster Abbey.

Thus prematurely closed the career of the Honourable Captain Sir Robert Cavendish Spencer!

Though it is rather difficult, in a time of such complete inactivity, actually to "*distinguish one's self*," yet it is somewhat singular, that more marked and decisive characters should not display themselves on the arena of a large station such as the Mediterranean. On looking back to those most prominent at this period, there were few who stood forth in any particular position which pointed them out from the general run of their profession. Sir Samuel, then Captain, Pechell, of the *Sibyl*, was among the few—nay, he was almost the sole exception. He was on intimate terms with

Sir Robert Spencer, whose character his own somewhat resembled. Like Sir Robert, he had his caprices and prejudices; and, like St. Vincent, he could shew the wrong side of his tongue occasionally; but he was noted for being a smart officer, and having his crew under admirable discipline. Add to this, the gunnery of the *Naiad* and of the *Sibyl* were among the boasts of the station.

Sir Samuel had some fantastic notions about the aristocracy of naval officers, but this did not prevent him from giving a severe lesson to a certain Captain ——, son of Sir T. B——, then serving on board his ship as a junior lieutenant, who had been promoted, while a beardless boy, over the heads of many old and experienced officers, through the overwhelming interest of his indefatigable parent. As the story then ran, it appeared that this youth was as ignorant of his profession and as unequal

to his duty as any young gentleman "promoted through friendship" could possibly desire. Sir Samuel, justly indignant, refused to allow the lieutenant to take charge of the watch, which it was his proper office to keep, and promoted to the trust the mate of the lower deck, a passed midshipman; while the lieutenant received orders to carry into execution a subordinate task. Nor was this all. Strange to say, Mr. —— was compelled to sign a written bulletin, declaring himself, by his own admission, to be utterly incapable of performing the duties of a lieutenant. This was rigorous it must be acknowledged. *Was it not also just?*

Sir Samuel, like his brother, Captain Sir Robert, chiefly exercised his industry in reaping the scanty laurels of his profession among the pirates of the Archipelago. Of several rencontres one, in the island of Candia, became noted. It was a brave action,

but unfortunate in its issue. Some pirates having taken refuge in one of the bays of the island, and established themselves in a secure position on the shore, Sir Samuel sent in his boats manned and armed to the attack. The Greek pilot who belonged to the *Sibyl*, declined accompanying the party, aware of the desperate character of the defendants, and the inaccessible nature of their position. He very sagaciously observed that "he had nothing whatever to do with the fighting of the ship; and that if he fell—*for few would escape*—government would never trouble themselves about securing from starvation his wife and family."

The boats started under the command of Lieutenant Tupper. On their approaching within shot of the Greeks, who were hidden by the rocks, the murderous aim of the Candian rifles made itself apparent. Four shots had not been fired by their determined antagonists before the lieutenant

and coxswain were for ever dismissed from mortal struggle, and five others severely wounded.

Enraged to absolute fury by their loss, the men cheered, pulled in with redoubled quickness, and landed. A fatal affray took place. It ended in their being obliged to retreat, leaving a prisoner in the hands of the pirates. Not one escaped uninjured; and the ablest man among them in the barge had to row off to the frigate, by shifting his oar from one side to the other, and stooping down at intervals, to escape the shot fired at him by the ruffians on shore.

Their prisoner the pirates threatened with instant immolation before the eyes of his shipmates, unless certain conditions of non-molestation were conceded by Sir Samuel. The latter rightly estimated the life of his marine far higher than the gratification of any petty feelings of vengeance,

and sending on shore a flag of truce, recovered his man.

Such, as nearly as I can recollect at this distance of time, were the heads of an affair which then excited no slight feeling on the station. The *Sibyl's* time having expired, she was soon afterwards ordered home, inspected at Spithead, and great praise awarded to Sir Samuel Pechell for the high state of excellence to which he had raised the science of gunnery on board his frigate.

I have only one observation to add, which is this: that Sir Samuel, on more than one occasion, played me a very scrubby trick; and therefore, my having said so much in his favour, proves incontestibly that I really am, and must be, a—*good-natured fellow*.

THE MASSINGERS.

"Poets make characters, as salesmen clothes;
We take no measure of your fops and beaux;
But here all sizes and all shapes we meet,
And fit yourselves—like chaps in Monmouth street."
Prologue to Three Hours after Marriage.—POPE.

About six years since there lived at Sidmouth—perhaps they may do so still—a family of the name of Massinger. They were lineal descendants of the celebrated dramatic writer so designated, and valued themselves accordingly. No one ever dreamt of disputing their genealogy: and it was the main business of their lives to

vindicate it. Versification was the employment of their existence. The gods had made them,—eleven in number,—poetical! From the father a rich, roly-poly, retired sugar-baker who wrote tragedies which he could prevail on no manager to accept, down to Mr. Beaumont Massinger the Etonian, who spun epigrams for which no periodical "could afford space," the afflatus was the same! The youngest Imp, Sappho, a little fair haired girl of eleven years old was particularly happy in designing a death scene and embodying it afterwards; and deemed, poor little overworked animal! she had had a light day's work of it when she had only died five times in the course of the morning: while rosy Mrs Massinger who was surprisingly stout, suffered greatly from obesity, and had very indolent habits, resorted,—when the dinner bell was ringing,—to the dregs of some cloudy ink, half dried up in the bottom of

a cracked egg cup—all the inkstands of a better description being monopolized by her daughters—and with a discarded stump of a pen which no other member of the family would condescend to touch, managed to concoct a creaking stanza. A certain quota of verse before the dinner hour each individual of the household was bound by compact to manufacture!

If ever there was an instance of family union—of a family all of one mind—it was the Massingers.

Strangers who heard them talk of "*longs*" and "*shorts*" were shocked at such young girls betraying such an intense admiration of whist. Out upon it! They would have scorned to waste their precious hours in taking up and laying down bits of painted paper. "When"—as Miss Rowe Massinger observed—"did whist confer immortality?

"With the vulgar herd they had no

sympathy—with the mass of society not one single idea in common. "They held high converse with the illustrious dead." They "lived for posterity." And they might have added, they wrote for posterity: for I'm forsworn if the present generation would have any thing at all to say to them.

"A world without souls" was Eurydice's reply, when her mother whispered something about the usages of society: and old Massinger when he desired to be particularly bitter—when he wished to floor a customer completely—to *bake* him in the opinion of the by-standers—was accustomed to remark. "Ah! a worthy man perhaps, but—irretrievably prosaic!"

There was nothing they did not versify. Mr. Jenkins's sermons, learned man, did not escape them. Some of his metaphors were deemed "worth preserving." So one sister took his exhortations down in short hand: and another versified them.

They chose for their model "Man is born to trouble," in Dr. Syntax.* And thus dressed and decorated, a highly respectable appearance did Mr. Jenkins undoubtedly cut.

Nothing came amiss to them. They were open to all subjects and gravelled by none. Miss Wrighte's death and Kitty Clutterbuck's marriage—Miss Newsam's legacy and Mr. Moody's lawsuit — the Duke of Kents' arrival and the Marquiss Wellesley's departure—alike furnished materials for long or short metre. The reams of paper that were consumed in that house! Well might the village stationer bow to the very dust when the family passed him.

They lived not for society but for sense verses. During the morning they were

* Some of my readers may perhaps remember the exquisite sermon in verse, from the lips of the accomplished Dr. Syntax, in the Tour of that popular clergyman in search of the Picturesque.

invisible—for then they were composing. And at the conclusion of dinner which they ate in haste and silence, they hurriedly quitted the table for their study—for then they commenced revising.

When people wrote so much it would be strange indeed if some fragments of their labours were not to be met with. The following is from the pen of Mrs Massinger. Now for a very corpulent woman of fifty-five—who liked good eating and drank brown stout—was the mother of nine likely children—and a total stranger to the Spenserian stanza, till one fine spring morning she found herself metamorphosed into Mrs Massinger—I do contend it is a vastly respectable production!—

TO THE PROVENCE ROSE.

Sweet rose of Provence! thou to me
Art dearer far than all the flow'rs,
That bloom and breathe their odours free
And fresh, from Flora's lap, who pours
Delighted in the sunny smile
Of Heav'n—those brilliant hues and dyes;
So lovely that they seem the while
As dropp'd from parterres in the skies!

Ah! sure the Persian nightingale
Would leave his favourite rose,* and rest
His weary wing, and breathe his tale,
Delighted on thy snowy breast:
And many a tender tale he'd tell
Of youth and hope to prove thee fairer—
His happy strain would show full well,
Thou wert in all his joys a sharer.

Mr. Herrick Massinger, the eldest son,

* Alluding to the well known fable of Shiraz, of the loves of the Nightingale and the Rose.

had met with what is termed a disappointment. He proposed to an earl's daughter who actually declined his addresses! She died soon afterwards. Mr Herrick heard of it—he was a hearty, uproarious, jovial young gentleman who looked as if he had never known care in his life—he sighed and then hemmed—called for a sheet of gilt paper and a patent pen—and over a bottle of claret thus vented his feelings.

TO THE LADY EMMA C——N.

I dare not sigh—I should not weep
To think, fair maid, that thou art gone!
Since now the tomb's eternal sleep
Bestows a bliss, more pure, more deep,
Than loving him thou leav'st alone!

Tho' snatch'd from all the hopes of life
With beauty's damask on thy cheek,
Thy bosom with affections rife,
Unchilled by age, unchanged by strife,
Earth's wayward changelings seek.

'Twere better that my heart should know
Thy soul secure from blight or change,
Than view thee struggling here below,
A fellow sharer in the woe,
Of one thou might'st estrange.

Yet,—what to me the worldling's pride?
Life's race—ambition's care?
If once I strove, 'twas at thy side,
Now dull and cold my thoughts deride,
The joys THOU *can'st not share!*

Ah, subtle reason! Empty name!
What calm can'st thou impart?
Delusion! tell me, can'st thou tame
Or soothe the passions maddening flame,
Or lacerated heart.

I have already mentioned the little dying girl Sappho. The following is from her pen. As the veritable production of a girl of eleven years old it may not be judged unworthy of a moment's attention.

SUNSET.

1.

I saw the sun descend upon the sea:—
With fading fervour yet with radiance bright
Flashed his warm rays along the rippling lea,
Then gave the universe to peace and night.

2.

Soon twilight fell and o'er the dark'ning deep,
The queen of heav'n,—majestic,—rose to view—
Sparkled each dew-drop that the night flow'rs weep,
As tho' their spirits mourned but slumbered too.

3.

Thus in undying splendour sets the soul,
Till freed—refined—from every taint of crime,
Supreme it soars disdainful of control,
Fiery no more, but calm and all sublime!

The next is from the pen of papa Massinger himself. It was written, unhappy old gentleman, on the rejection of his fifth

tragedy at Covent garden, (with the thanks and compliments of the management) as "entirely unfit for scenic representation."

"Unfit indeed," said the worthy sugar-baker, "it was the very thing to have moved an audience." *And he was right.* The fifth act was read by Mr. Terry in the green room and was received with peals of laughter.

A more bloody conclusion it was impossible to devise. The curtain was to fall on seven dead bodies. A deadly killing affair as Terry observed on folding up the manuscript.

ON THE INUTILITY OF DISCONTENT.

1.

How vain to sigh!—more vain to grieve
Since life so soon flits past;
The flowers that scent the breath of eve
Survive no ruder blast!

2.

The joyous fly first-born of morn,
No morrow's sun may see:
Yet neither feels he grief nor scorn,
That such his lot should be.

3.

Shall man, proud man, alone possest
Of reason;—heaven's heir!
Display less fitness to be blest,
Than weeds or things of air?

4.

Race of an hour—O! let us sport
Its petty cycle round;
Nor mar a space all—all—too short
For sorrow thus profound.

There was one of the Massingers, Aphra the second girl, who to a stranger appeared sedulously slighted both by parents and brethren.

She was a square, hard, marble featured girl with a stern and most impassive countenance. She seemed dead to all emotion. Yet such was not the case.

" Aphra has never recovered her brother's loss" said Sacharissa the eldest girl one evening.

" Loss?"

" Yes that of my brother Fletcher who perished with all his crew in the Alcibiades. He and Aphra were twins; and she was devotedly attached to him."

" You must all have felt his death severely" observed some blunderer.

" Less than you would suppose. We considered him a kind of alien. He had none of the Massinger blood about him—alas! not a notion of poetry. He hated it. Aphra shares his incapacity to a lamentable extent."

The little maiden listened with her usual imperturbable gravity.

" Yes: Aphra composes with difficulty. Verse is as it were wrung out of her. She has no poetic fervour."

Aphra looked as though she heard not.

"One being she certainly loved—her brother Fletcher." There was slight convulsive movement about the muscles near the mouth of the motionless maiden.

"For him she would have toiled—and watched—and laboured—and *died*" said Aphra rising and leaving the room while a tear—yes actually a tear seemed on the point of coursing down those rigid features.

"She's a strange girl that!" said Sacharissa. "Not a particle of feeling! You see how she dresses! She's never fit to be seen. We are all ashamed of her—mamma particularly. She's a disgrace to the family. We feel it acutely. You'll scarcely believe me when I give you the reason of her discreditable appearance. She actually keeps the three orphan children of Timmins the gunner who was lost in the Alcibiades with my brother, because he was a favourite of Fletcher's, and on this last occasion tried to save his life. But she's a

strange passionless creature—no poetic fire —no fervour—no furor. Here are the lines I mentioned to you. They are about the best of her performances."

TO FLETCHER MASSINGER,

LOST IN THE ALCIBIADES, FEBRUARY 2D, 1819, WHEN ALL HANDS PERISHED.

In earlier days and happier hours,
When fancy wove luxuriant flowers,
When thou with pencil, I with pen,
The features traced of hill and glen;
Or else outstretched the live long day,
At ease among the wild flowers lay;
View'd the lambs bound upon the green,
Or listened to the eaglet's scream;—
'Twas then I promised that to thee,
Sacred my first attempt should be.

Away those winged hours have flown,
To join the mass of ages gone,
And o'er thee angry billows roll,
Lamented brother of my soul!

Dear brother ! o'er thy lowly grave,
No dirge shall sound, no knell shall ring,
But angels bending o'er the grave,
Their half heard hallelujahs sing !
No flowers of transient bloom at eve
Can maidens o'er thy green grave strew ;
Nor sigh,—as the sad spot they leave,
" To worth and youth a long adieu !"
O'er her son's corpse no mother grieves,
'Tis tossed together with the wave,
Which, sadly tranquil ocean, heaves
To wash the shipwrecked sailor's grave.
Sweet be thy last long sleep profound,
May nought disturb thy shroudless breast,
And ocean swell with softer sound ;
A requiem to thy place of rest.

THE DUKE OF REICHSTADT.

"A Cæsar's mansion and an emperoror's son;
The world thy dowry ere thy course began,
Thou now art but—the offspring of *the man*.
Yet where's the prince,—who for that simple name
Would not exchange his title—sceptre—fame?"

It was evening when, wet and weary, dissatisfied and desolate, we reached Vienna. The last ten miles we had traversed in profound silence. We were desperately hungry, and proportionably surly. The route from Presburg to Vienna, a distance of about forty English miles, is intolerably tedious; and never did I hail with greater

joy the signs and symptoms of a resting place, than the lights, on a dreary November evening, of the Austrian capital.

On the following morning, I knew my companion proposed taking his first measures towards achieving the grand object of his journey—an interview with the Duke of Reichstadt. I know not that I ever sought repose with less enviable feelings than on this sombre evening. Charged as I knew Dr. —— to be, with messages and missives from more than one member of the ex-imperial family—aware of the vigilance with which every movement of the young Napoleon was observed and controlled—sensible of the strict seclusion to which certain parties wish to destine him, and the jealousy with which the slightest intercourse on his part with foreigners is viewed by those about him—and above all, convinced by experience of my companion's inexplicable deficiency in tact and temper,

I must confess that, bemoaning my want of judgment, and auguring all sorts of calamities from our Quixotic enterprize, I threw myself on my pillow, heartily repenting I had ever consented to share the perils of it.

Morning came—bright, sunny, cheering morning—and at eight the Doctor roused me by an intimation that breakfast was ready, that horses were ordered, that he was impatient to be off—following up these announcements by that indescribable series of partly audible ejaculations, by which a hasty, impetuous, restless man contrives to let you know he's in a devil of a hurry.

At ten we were on the road to Schoenbrunn. Gold, that subtle agent that makes even Germans eloquent, and before which even the secrets of princes give way, had procured for us the positive information that the duke was then at Schoenbrunn; and that if, after reaching the neighbourhood of

the palace, we proceeded on foot, and took at a certain hour a direction minutely pointed out to us, we were sure of meeting, during his morning's ride, this important scion of the imperial family.

We were not disappointed: on a beautiful Arabian steed, the gift of his grandfather, attended by his lord chamberlain and aide-de-camp, the youth for whom so many brave hearts in France would struggle even to the death to seat on his father's throne, rode rapidly past us.

He rides fast and well. His resemblance to the late emperor is strong, and on horseback most striking. He inherits, or I am mistaken, the firm and fearless horsemanship for which Napoleon was so justly celebrated.

"To say that HE—HE is without ambition!—that he will never come near France—that he will never fight for his father's throne—never build up his father's house—

idiots—idiots! Who that has ever seen him can credit such a fable?"

And exulting in the success of the first wish of his heart, the Doctor strode joyously away.

Several succeeding days were spent—and spent most vainly, but *expensively*, in attempts to procure a private interview. We were told it was utterly impossible—impracticable—that the sooner we abandoned all idea of it the better for our personal security—that the duke was a kind of state prisoner, and that private access to him was out of the question.

In the meantime there was a review; and we had an opportunity of seeing him manœuvre his troop, and hearing him give the word of command. It was a spectacle full of interest. The presence of the young duke, riding at the head of his *escadron*, and evidently taking the most vivid interest in all its movements—of him who

must be by descent every inch a soldier—whose heart must leap at the note of the shrill clarion and the roll of the distant drum—him, whose young blood must stir within him at the plumed troop, glittering gaily in the sunbeam, and the colours waving brightly in the breeze—recalled involuntarily the conquests and career of HIM who now sleeps beside the willow at St. Helena.

His grandfather is deeply attached to him; and his troop look up to him with the most enthusiastic devotion. Could it be otherwise? Independent of the military associations connected with his name, there is a smartness, a precision, an eagle glance, a military air, and manly courage about him, which to the experienced veteran are unfailing omens of the future general.

On our return to our hotel, we were greeted with the very agreeable information, that in our absence the police had

done us the favour of inspecting our effects. Their politeness was quite embarrassing. Their inquiries had been most particular, and their search unquestionably most minute. No part of our property seemed to have escaped their observation. They had not contented themselves with opening and overhauling our trunks, but had sprung the lock of my letter-case, rifled the Doctor's writing-desk, and scattered the papers belonging to both in endless confusion about the floor of our sitting room.

Fortunately—it was more than I expected—the Doctor had had the precaution to secrete all the documents he was charged with about his own person; and as to myself, their royal master and their inquisitive selves were heartily welcome to any information my papers could supply. They consisted of my aunt's letters, and mainly ran to this effect:

"Be sure you wear flannel next your skin. Don't carry too much money about you to public places. Did you see the Rev. Mr. Wix at Paris? I charged him to give you some SEASONABLE exhortations. Your old flirt Fanny Fane is dead; she was a very wild girl, and died of a brain fever. Never eat rice when you're warm. Above all, avoid Frescati's and the Palais Royale. I hope you keep an accurate account of your expences; your last bills were tremendous. I trust I need not warn you against the society of women of LIGHT character. Your sister was confined of twins last week. You don't mention your shagreen case; I hope it has not been injured. I put into it, with my own hands, Judge Bayley's Prayer Book and Dr. Kitchiner's "Peptic Precepts." Study the latter; and neglect what you may, Aylmer, be sure to attend to your digestion. Think of your dear grandfather, who died, at

sixty-seven, a martyr to a morbid appetite!"

Whether the emperor and his minions profited by my dignified aunt's injunctions, I had no means of ascertaining. The latter must have been struck with their contents, for some were actually purloined. Little did the sagacious writer imagine the fate—I will not say honour—that awaited her effusions!

But to return.—The visit, we were told, would be repeated on the following day, when my companion and myself were to be personally interrogated. I never felt so sensible of the security, freedom, and beauty of the English constitution, as when, having arranged my luckless letters, I sat down to muse upon the probable consequences of these domiciliary visits.

In Austria, every third man you meet is a spy: sold body and soul to the purposes

of government. *Espionage* is the business of an Austrian's life; it feeds, clothes, and shelters him. The very people in whose house we were staying were, beyond doubt, the salaried spies of the police, and the prompt reporters of our proceedings.

While we were canvassing our prospects, and cursing the suspicion of an Austrian government, our ally at Shoenbrunn forwarded to us information that there was on that very evening a ball in honour of one of the imperial birthdays, and that an opportunity would be afforded us of seeing his Highness alone. Time, place, and signal were agreed on.

At ten, we were again under the walls of Shoenbrunn. After a long and most painful interval, our guide came up, hurried us through some damp, dreary, dirty, ill-lighted passages, and finally ushered us into a lofty, but ill-proportioned and miserably

furnished apartment, where he left us, with an assurance that *there* the duke would give us audience.

After a few minutes the door of a little cabinet at the higher end of the room was slowly unclosed; a youthful figure glided through the opening, and we stood in the presence of the young Napoleon.

His appearance is peculiarly prepossessing. The delicate and chiselled beauty of his features—their air of mournful intelligence and serene command—the deep, sad, settled composure of his eye—the thoughtful paleness of his cheek—and the lofty, noble, but intense abstraction which characterized all his movements—form too remarkable a portrait to be speedily forgotten.

It is difficult to describe a countenance so peculiar in its expression; so deeply sad when in repose, so captivating when animated by the exertion of speaking. Some-

thing, however, must be attempted. He inherits the fair complexion and light hair of his mother; his eyes are blue, deep, sad, and thoughtful. To him have descended the finely formed lips of his father, and the small, beautiful hand; and he boasts the same soft, winning, attractive smile. There is something of the Austrian in his forehead: it is high, but narrow, and not finely developed: all else is noble and commanding. But the unwonted paleness of his features, the settled thoughtfulness of his brow, the look of deep, and habitual, and unutterable sadness, betoken one who has brooded over the secrets of his own heart, and found them unmingled bitterness.

He advanced quickly down the room towards the doctor, and then gave a rapid glance of inquiry at his companion. It was understood and answered. "An intimate and most particular friend."

"Your name is ——?"

"It is."

"And the papers you are in possession of, and have with such difficulty preserved —"

"Are with me."

During these short and rapid interrogatories, the duke had so adroitly shifted his position, as to throw the light full upon my companion's countenance, which he scanned with the most searching observation: then, as if he were satisfied with the result, he said, with a faint smile, "I am ready, sir, to receive the documents."

"The papers I am charged with," the doctor began, with an air of considerable importance —

"They will speak for themselves," said the prince calmly. "The few moments I can spare to you are sensibly diminishing: excuse me"—and he extended his hand.

He opened the pacquet—examined its contents eagerly and minutely, and, as he

closed his inspection, uttered in a tone of deep feeling—"These are valuable: the Emperor's family will not forget the obligation of receiving them, or the hazard of the attempt to place them where they will be most precious."

At this moment the man of medicine made some observation—I scarcely heard it, so intently was my attention riveted on the princely prisoner—to the effect that he was pained or surprized—I forget which—at observing no vestige, no relic of the late ruler of France in the apartment of his son, to prove that he was not forgotten.

"Forgotten! Behold the cabinet where the Emperor, when at Shoenbrunn, was wont to read and write for hours alone, and where he first saw my mother's portrait." "Forgotten!" and he touched the spring of a small inlaid writing-stand, and there appeared a beautifully finished miniature on enamel, of Napoleon on the heights of

Arcola. "Forgotten!" and he turned a full-length engraving of his grandfather Francis, which hung near him. Its reverse exhibited a proof impression of the splendid print of Bonaparte in his coronation robes. "No"—said the prince, as he earnestly, yet sadly gazed upon it—"he is never" (he spoke in French, with the deepest emotion,) "no, he is never—never for one instant—forgotten!" He paused for an instant, recovered his composure, and proceeded in calmer tones.

"Farewell, sir. You will hear from ME: from OTHERS. Form no opinion on the state mockery with which you see me surrounded, or the indifference with which I endure it. At present I bow to circumstances—their creature, not their victim. Death must shortly produce great changes. I am aware I have friends—many, firm, devoted—my father's!"—his voice trem-

bled—"let them be assured I live but to avenge his memory and—HIS MURDER!"

He bowed, as a sign the interview was ended, and quitted by the same door as he had entered the apartment.

Our guide re-appeared, and we hastily retraced our steps. But before we had cleared the precincts of the palace, a voice whispered in my ear, as we hurried through the dark, dismal passage already noticed—"Quit Vienna without delay: your proceedings are watched, and your design detected."

This intimation did not cheer our spirits, which were again damped by the intelligence, on arriving at the inn, that the police had paid us a second visit; had waited for us till twelve; when deeming it unlikely we should return at all that night, they had taken their reluctant departure.

"They will pay their respects to you in

the morning," was the closing intimation of our informant. We deemed this ceremony unnecessary, and determined we would not trouble them to pay so needless a compliment. The object for which we came to Vienna was attained: day-break saw us at some distance from her walls, and the night-fall of the following day but one, beyond the Austrian frontier.

END OF VOL. I.

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